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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada: from the MSS. of Fray Antonio Agapida.* By Washington Irving. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Murray.

THIS is another pleasant fruit of Geoffry Crayon's pilgrimage in the romantic land of Spain. The Spanish Moors are, we need not say, about the most interesting race to be met with in European history: during several centuries they were by far the most elegant and enlightened nation in the world, and they exhibited in their minds and manners a total want of all that we are accustomed to consider as the inalienable blots of the Mussulman character—being as chivalrous in bower as in battle; or, to use the words of a famed Spanish poet, Garcilasso de la Vega—

"Caballeros aunque Moros."

The Chronicle of the Cid, by Mr. Southey, with Mr. Frere's admirable versions for the old epic poem *Del Cid*, in the appendix, and the preface and notes to Mr. Lockhart's translations of the Ancient Spanish Ballads, afford considerable information, both as to the warlike and the peaceful manners of this singular people; and one of the noblest of the old songs called forth by the final catastrophe of their state and power, has been rendered familiar to all Europe by Lord Byron. But as yet we have had nothing like a distinct history of the Spanish Moors—even of any one considerable tract of their history; and we hail these volumes as the first essay of Mr. Irving on a field equally rich and extensive, and which, it is to be hoped, he will not quit until he has explored the whole of it.

The author professes to have built this narrative chiefly on the MS. annals of one Father Antonio Agapida.

"It may be asked," says he in his preface, "who is this same Agapida, who is cited with such deference, yet whose name is not to be found in any of the catalogues of Spanish authors? The question is hard to answer: he appears to have been one of the many indefatigable writers, who have filled the libraries of the convents and cathedrals of Spain with their tomes, without ever dreaming of bringing their labours to the press. He evidently was deeply and accurately informed of the particulars of the wars between his countrymen and the Moors, a tract of history but too much overgrown with the weeds of fable. His glowing zeal, also, in the cause of the Catholic faith, entitles him to be held up as a model of the good old orthodox chroniclers, who recorded with such pious exultation the united triumphs of the cross and the sword. It is deeply to be regretted, therefore, that his manuscripts, deposited in the libraries of various convents, have been dispersed during the late convulsions in Spain, so that nothing is now to be met of them but disjointed fragments. These, however, are too precious to be suffered to fall into oblivion, as they contain many curious facts not to be found in any other historian. In

the following work, therefore, the manuscripts of the worthy Fray Antonio will be adopted, whenever they exist entire, but will be filled up, extended, illustrated, and corroborated, by citations from various authors, both Spanish and Arabian, who have treated of the subject. The manuscripts themselves are carefully preserved in the library of the Escorial."

The following sketch of the state of the kingdom of Granada, as existing when the warfare sprang up, may be quoted as a fair specimen of Mr. Irving's method of using Father Agapida's MSS.

"The history of those desperate and bloody wars, observes Fray Antonio Agapida, which have filled the world with rumour and astonishment, and have determined the fate of mighty empires, has ever been considered as a theme worthy of the pen of the philosopher and the study of the sage. What then must be the history of a holy war, or rather a pious crusade, waged by the most Catholic of sovereigns, for the restoration of the light of the true faith to one of the most beautiful but benighted regions of the globe? Listen, then, while from the solitude of my cell I narrate the events of the conquest of Granada, where Christian knight and turbaned infidel disputed hand to hand every inch of the fair land of Andalusia, until the crescent, that symbol of heathenish abomination, was cast into the dust, and the blessed cross, the tree of our redemption, erected in its stead. Upwards of eight hundred years were past and gone since the Arabian invaders sealed the perdition of Spain by the defeat of Don Roderick, the last of her Gothic kings. From the period of that disastrous event, kingdom after kingdom had been gradually recovered by the Christian princes, until the single, but powerful, territory of Granada alone remained under the domination of the Moors. This renowned kingdom was situate in the southern part of Spain, bordering on the Mediterranean sea, and defended on the land side by lofty and rugged mountains, locking up within their embraces, deep, rich, and verdant valleys, where the sterility of the surrounding heights was repaid by prodigal fertility. The city of Granada lay in the centre of the kingdom, sheltered, as it were, in the lap of the Sierra Nevada, or chain of snowy mountains. It covered two lofty hills, and a deep valley that divides them, through which flows the river Darro. One of these hills was crowned by the royal palace and fortress of the Alhambra, capable of containing forty thousand men within its walls and towers. There is a Moorish tradition, that the king who built this mighty pile was skilled in the occult sciences, and furnished himself with gold and silver for the purpose by means of alchemy. Certainly never was there an edifice accomplished in a superior style of barbaric magnificence; and the stranger who, even at the present day, wanders among its silent and deserted courts and ruined halls, gazes with astonishment at its gilded and fretted domes and luxurious decorations, still retaining their brilliancy and beauty, in defiance of the

ravages of time. Opposite to the hill on which stood the Alhambra was its rival hill, on the summit of which was a spacious plain, covered with houses, and crowded with inhabitants. It was commanded by a fortress called the Alcazaba. The declivities and skirts of these hills were covered with houses, to the number of seventy thousand, separated by narrow streets and small squares, according to the custom of Moorish cities. The houses had interior courts and gardens, refreshed by fountains and running streams, and set out with oranges, citrons, and pomegranates; so that, as the edifices of the city rose above each other on the sides of the hill, they presented a mingled appearance of city and grove, delightful to the eye. The whole was surrounded by high walls, three leagues in circuit, with twelve gates, and fortified by a thousand and thirty towers. The elevation of the city, and the neighbourhood of the Sierra Nevada, crowned with perpetual snows, tempered the fervid rays of summer; and thus, while other cities were panting with the sultry and stifling heat of the dog-days, the most salubrious breezes played through the marble halls of Granada. The glory of the city, however, was its vega, or plain, which spread out to a circumference of 37 leagues, surrounded by lofty mountains. It was a vast garden of delight, refreshed by numerous fountains, and by the silver windings of the Xenil. The labour and ingenuity of the Moors had directed the waters of this river into thousands of rills and streams, and diffused them over the whole surface of the plain. Indeed they had wrought up this happy region to a degree of wonderful prosperity, and took a pride in decorating it, as if it had been a favourite mistress. The hills were clothed with orchards and vineyards, the valleys embroidered with gardens, and the wide plains covered with waving grain. Here were seen in profusion the orange, the citron, the fig, and pomegranate, with large plantations of mulberry trees, from which was produced the finest of silk. The vine clambered from tree to tree, the grapes hung in rich clusters about the peasant's cottage, and the groves were rejoiced by the perpetual song of the nightingale. In a word, so beautiful was the earth, so pure the air, and so serene the sky of this delicious region, that the Moors imagined the paradise of their prophet to be situate in that part of the heaven which overhung the kingdom of Granada. This rich and populous territory had been left in quiet possession of the infidels, on condition of an annual tribute to the sovereign of Castile and Leon of two thousand doblas or pistoles of gold, and sixteen hundred Christian captives, or, in defect of captives, an equal number of Moors to be surrendered as slaves; all to be delivered in the city of Cordova. At the end at which this chronicle commences, Ferdinand and Isabella, of glorious and happy memory, reigned over the united kingdom of Castile, Leon, and Arragon, and Muley Aben Hassan sat on the throne of Granada. This Muley Aben Hassan had succeeded to his father

Ismael in 1465, while Henry IV., brother and immediate predecessor of Queen Isabella, was king of Castile and Leon. He was of the illustrious lineage of Mohammed Aben Alamar, the first Moorish king of Granada, and was the most potent of his line. He had, in fact, augmented in power in consequence of the fall of other Moorish kingdoms, which had been conquered by the Christians. Many cities and strong places of the kingdoms which lay contiguous to Granada had refused to submit to Christian vassalage, and had sheltered themselves under the protection of Muley Aben Hassan. His territories had thus increased in wealth, extent, and population, beyond all former example; and contained fourteen cities, and ninety-seven fortified towns, besides numerous unvalled towns and villages, defended by formidable castles. The spirit of Muley Aben Hassan swelled with his possessions. The tribute of money and captives had been regularly paid by his father Ismael, and Muley Aben Hassan had, on one occasion, attended personally in Cordova at the payment. He had witnessed the taunts and sneers of the haughty Castilians; and so indignant was the proud son of Afric at what he considered a degradation of his race, that his blood boiled whenever he recollected the humiliating scene. When he came to the throne he ceased all payment of the tribute, and it was sufficient to put him in a transport of rage only to mention it. 'He was a fierce and warlike infidel,' says the Catholic Fray Antonio Agapida; 'his bitterness against the holy Christian faith had been signalled in battle during the lifetime of his father, and the same diabolical spirit of hostility was apparent in his ceasing to pay this most righteous tribute.'"

We have no desire to interfere with our readers' laudable curiosity; nor shall we fill our pages with extracts from a book which all will read who desire historic knowledge, invested with the graces and charms of romance. But there is one episode in the tale which we may make prize of, as it is the only part in which one of our own old English knights appears to take his share in the Christian war (for such it was honestly considered) against the Moors of Granada. While Ferdinand of Arragon was mustering his host at Cordova, there appeared in his camp many adventurous cavaliers, from France and Germany, and other regions.

"The most conspicuous of the volunteers, however, who appeared in Cordova on this occasion, was an English knight of royal connexion. This was the Lord Scales, Earl of Rivers, related to the Queen of England, wife of Henry VII. He had distinguished himself, in the preceding year, at the battle of Bosworth Field, where Henry Tudor, then Earl of Richmond, overcame Richard III. That decisive battle having left the country at peace, the Earl of Rivers, retaining a passion for warlike scenes, repaired to the Castilian court, to keep his arms in exercise in a campaign against the Moors. He brought with him a hundred archers, all dexterous with the long bow and the cloth-yard arrow; also two hundred yeomen, armed *cap-à-pie*, who fought with pike and battle-axe; men robust of frame, and of prodigious strength.

"The worthy Padre Fray Antonio Agapida describes this stranger knight and his followers with his accustomed accuracy and minuteness. 'This cavalier,' he observes, 'was from the island of England, and brought with him a train of his vassals; men who had been hardened in certain civil wars which had

raged in their country. They were a comely race of men, but too fair and fresh for warriors; not having the sunburnt, martial hue of our old Castilian soldiery. They were huge feeders, also, and deep carousers; and could not accommodate themselves to the sober diet of our troops, but must fain eat and drink after the manner of their own country. They were often noisy and unruly, also, in their wassail; and their quarter of the camp was prone to be a scene of loud revel and sudden brawl. They were withal of great pride; yet it was not like our inflammable Spanish pride: they stood not much upon the *pundonor* and high punctilio, and rarely drew the stiletto in their disputes; but their pride was silent and contemptuous. Though from a remote and somewhat barbarous island, they yet believed themselves the most perfect men upon earth; and magnified their chieftain, the Lord Scales, beyond the greatest of our grandees. With all this, it must be said of them, that they were marvellous good men in the field, dexterous archers, and powerful with the battle-axe. In their great pride and self-will, they always sought to press in the advance, and take the post of danger, trying to outvie our Spanish chivalry. They did not rush forward fiercely, or make a brilliant onset, like the Moorish and Spanish troops, but they went into the fight deliberately, and persisted obstinately, and were slow to find out when they were beaten. Withal, they were much esteemed, yet little liked, by our soldiery, who considered them stanch companions in the field, yet coveted but little fellowship with them in the camp. Their commander, the Lord Scales, was an accomplished cavalier, of gracious and noble presence, and fair speech. It was a marvel to see so much courtesy in a knight brought up so far from our Castilian court. He was much honoured by the king and queen, and found great favour with the fair dames about the court, who, indeed, are rather prone to be pleased with foreign cavaliers. He went always in costly state, attended by pages and esquires, and accompanied by noble young cavaliers of his country, who had enrolled themselves under his banner, to learn the gentle exercise of arms. In all pageants and festivals, the eyes of the populace were attracted by the singular bearing and rich array of the English earl and his train, who prided themselves in always appearing in the garb and manner of their country; and were indeed something very magnificent, delectable, and strange to behold."

The campaign opened at the siege of Loxa; and there Lord Rivers made a gallant display.

"This was the first time he had witnessed a scene of Moorish warfare. He looked with eager interest at the chance medley fight before him,—the wild career of cavalry, the irregular and tumultuous rush of infantry, and Christian helm and Moorish turban intermingling in deadly struggle. His high blood mounted at the sight; and his very soul was stirred within him, by the confused war-cries, the clangour of drums and trumpets, and the reports of arquebuses, that came echoing up the mountains. Seeing the king was sending a reinforcement to the field, he entreated permission to mingle in the affray, and fight according to the fashion of his country. His request being granted, he alighted from his steed. He was merely armed *en blanco*; that is to say, with morion, back-piece, and breast-plate; his sword was girded by his side, and in his hand he wielded a powerful battle-axe. He was followed by a body of his yeomen, armed in like manner, and by

a band of archers, with bows made of the tough English yew-tree. The earl turned to his troops, and addressed them briefly and bluntly, according to the manner of his country. 'Remember, my merry men all,' said he, 'the eyes of strangers are upon you; you are in a foreign land, fighting for the glory of God and the honour of merry old England!' A loud shout was the reply. The earl waved his battle-axe over his head. 'St. George for England!' cried he; and, to the inspiring sound of this old English war-cry, he and his followers rushed down to the battle with manly and courageous hearts. They soon made their way into the midst of the enemy; but when engaged in the hottest of the fight they made no shouts or outcries. They pressed steadily forward, dealing their blows to right and left, hewing down the Moors, and cutting their way with their battle-axes, like woodmen in a forest; while the archers, pressing into the opening they made, plied their bows vigorously, and spread death on every side. When the Castilian mountaineers beheld the valour of the English yeomanry, they would not be outdone in hardihood. They could not vie with them in weight and bulk, but for vigour and activity they were surpassed by none. They kept pace with them, therefore, with equal heart and rival prowess, and gave a brave support to the stout islanders. The Moors were confounded by the fury of these assaults, and disheartened by the loss of Hamet el Zegri, who was carried wounded from the field. They gradually fell back upon the bridge; the Christians followed up their advantage, and drove them over it tumultuously. The Moors retreated into the suburb, and Lord Rivers and his troops entered with them pell-mell, fighting in the streets and in the houses. King Ferdinand came up to the scene of action with his royal guard, and the infidels were all driven within the city walls. Thus were the suburbs gained by the hardihood of the English lord, without such an event having been premeditated. The Earl of Rivers, notwithstanding he had received a wound, still urged forward in the attack. He penetrated almost to the city gate, in defiance of a shower of missiles, that slew many of his followers. A stone, hurled from the battlements, checked his impetuous career. It struck him in the face, dashed out two of his front teeth, and laid him senseless on the earth. He was removed to a short distance by his men; but recovering his senses, refused to permit himself to be taken from the suburb. When the contest was over, the streets presented a piteous spectacle, so many of their inhabitants had died in the defence of their thresholds, or been slaughtered without resistance. Among the victims was a poor weaver, who had been at work in his dwelling at this turbulent moment. His wife urged him to fly into the city. 'Why should I fly?' said the Moor, 'to be reserved for hunger and slavery? I tell you, wife, I will abide here; for better is it to die quickly by the steel, than to perish piecemeal in chains and dungeons.' He said no more, but resumed his occupation of weaving; and, in the indiscriminate fury of the assault, was slaughtered at his loom. The Christians remained masters of the field, and proceeded to pitch three encampments for the prosecution of the siege. The king, with the great body of the army, took a position on the side of the city next to Granada. The Marquis of Cadiz and his brave companions once more pitched their tents upon the height of Santo Albahacin; but the English earl planted his standard sturdily within the suburb he had taken."



The closing scene of the whole Chronicle, when the unfortunate king of Granada is at length compelled to yield the last fragment of his authority to the victorious sovereigns of Castile and Arragon, is told in Irving's best and simplest manner. With that we shall conclude our quotations.

"The sun had scarcely begun to shed his beams upon the summits of the snowy mountains which rise above Granada, when the Christian camp was in motion. A detachment of horse and foot, led by distinguished cavaliers, and accompanied by Hernando de Talavera, bishop of Avila, proceeded to take possession of the Alhambra and the towers. It had been stipulated in the capitulation, that the detachment sent for this purpose should not enter by the streets of the city. A road had, therefore, been opened outside of the walls, leading by the Puerta de los Molinos (or the gate of the mills) to the summit of the Hill of Martyrs, and across the hill to a postern gate of the Alhambra. When the detachment arrived at the summit of the hill, the Moorish king came forth from the gate, attended by a handful of cavaliers, leaving his vizier, Josef Aben Comixa, to deliver up the palace. 'Go, signior,' said he, to the commander of the detachment; 'go, and take possession of those fortresses which Allah has bestowed upon your powerful lord, in punishment of the sins of the Moors!' He said no more, but passed mournfully on, along the same road by which the Spanish cavaliers had come; descending to the vega, to meet the Catholic sovereigns. The troops entered the Alhambra, the gates of which were wide open, and all its splendid courts and halls silent and deserted. In the mean time, the Christian court and army poured out of the city of Santa Fé, and advanced across the vega. The king and queen, with the prince and princess, and the dignitaries and ladies of the court, took the lead; accompanied by the different orders of monks and friars, and surrounded by the royal guards, splendidly arrayed. The procession moved slowly forward, and paused at the village of Armilla, at the distance of half a league from the city. The sovereigns waited here with impatience, their eyes fixed on the lofty tower of the Alhambra, watching for the appointed signal of possession. The time that had elapsed since the departure of the detachment seemed to them more than necessary for the purpose; and the anxious mind of Ferdinand began to entertain doubts of some commotion in the city. At length they saw the silver cross, the great standard of this crusade, elevated on the Torre de la Vela, or great watch-tower, and sparkling in the sunbeams. This was done by Hernando de Talavera, bishop of Avila. Beside it was planted the pennon of the glorious apostle St. James; and a great shout of 'Santiago! Santiago!' rose throughout the army. Lastly was reared the royal standard, by the king of arms; with the shout of 'Castile! Castile! For King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!' The words were echoed by the whole army, with acclamations that resounded across the vega. At sight of these signals of possession, the sovereigns fell upon their knees, giving thanks to God for this great triumph. The whole assembled host followed their example; and the choristers of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of *Te Deum laudamus*! The procession now resumed its march, with joyful alacrity, to the sound of triumphant music, until they came to a small mosque, near the banks of the Xenil, and not far from the foot of the Hill of Martyrs, which edifice remains to the present day, consecrated

as the hermitage of St. Sebastian. Here the sovereigns were met by the unfortunate Boabdil, accompanied by about fifty cavaliers and domestics. As he drew near, he would have dismounted, in token of homage; but Ferdinand prevented him. He then proffered to kiss the king's hand, but this sign of vassalage was likewise declined: whereupon, not to be outdone in magnanimity, he leaned forward, and saluted the right arm of Ferdinand. Queen Isabella, also, refused to receive this ceremonial of homage; and, to console him under his adversity, delivered to him his son, who had remained as hostage ever since Boabdil's liberation from captivity. The Moorish monarch pressed his child to his bosom with tender emotion, and they seemed mutually endeared to each other by their misfortunes. He then delivered the keys of the city to King Ferdinand, with an air of mingled melancholy and resignation. 'These keys,' said he, 'are the last relics of the Arabian empire in Spain. Thine, O king, are our trophies, our kingdom, and our person! Such is the will of God! Receive them with the clemency thou hast promised, and which we look for at thy hands!' King Ferdinand restrained his exultation into an air of serene magnanimity. 'Doubt not our promises,' replied he; 'or, that thou shalt regain from our friendship the prosperity of which the fortune of war has deprived thee.' On receiving the keys, King Ferdinand handed them to the queen. She, in her turn, presented them to her son, Prince Juan, who delivered them to the Count de Tendilla; that brave and loyal cavalier being appointed alcaide of the city, and captain-general of the kingdom of Granada. Having surrendered the last symbol of power, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on towards the Alpuxarras, that he might not behold the entrance of the Christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence; but heavy sighs burst from their bosoms, as shouts of joy and strains of triumphant music were borne on the breeze from the victorious army. Having rejoined his family, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his allotted residence, in the valley of Porchena. At two leagues distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpuxarras, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight for ever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lighted up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the vega spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel; and, presently, a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost for ever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself. 'Allah achbar! God is great!' said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears. His mother, the intrepid sultana Ayxa la Horra, was indignant at his weakness. 'You do well,' said she, 'to weep like a woman, for what you failed to defend like a man!' The vizier Aben Comixa endeavoured to console his royal master. 'Consider,

sire,' said he, 'that the most signal misfortunes often render men as renowned as the most prosperous achievements, provided they sustain them with magnanimity.' The unhappy monarch, however, was not to be consoled. His tears continued to flow. 'Allah achbar!' exclaimed he, 'when did misfortunes ever equal mine!' From this circumstance the hill, which is not far from Padul, took the name of Foz Allah Achbar; but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada is known among Spaniards by the name of *el ultimo suspiro del Moro*, or, 'the last sigh of the Moor.'

On the whole, this work will sustain the high fame of Washington Irving. It fills a blank in the historical library which ought not to have remained so long a blank. The language throughout is at once chaste and animated; and the narrative may be said, like Spenser's Fairy Queen, to present one long gallery of splendid pictures. Indeed, we know no pages from which the artist is more likely to derive inspiration; nor perhaps are there many incidents in literary history more surprising, than that this antique and chivalrous story should have been for the first time told worthily by the pen of an American and a republican.

*Richelieu: a Tale of France.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

BEFRIENDED by all our earliest associations—association, the poetry of memory,—and gratifying that innate desire of seeing beyond the deed—passing from the mind's presence-chamber of action to its private one of motive,—no wonder that historical romance, "that fairy web of night and day," should be one of the most popular branches of popular literature. In former times, when facts and fancies, costumes and characters, were mingled together with most masquerade-like confusion,—when every page was a false impression,—the utility of these productions might be questioned; but now, thanks to our Luther of literature, Scott, the novelist is as well prepared to "shew cause" as the historian; the eminent characters introduced are as accurate as elaborate; and manners, customs, &c. are portrayed with the truth of contemporary memoirs. The great error into which the followers of this new school have fallen, has been overloading their pages with details—supplying by research what they wanted in invention—black-letter MSS. printed for novels. Not being able to make their Helen interesting, they made her learned; instead of the dress illustrating the character, the character seemed but a peg whereon to hang divers curiously cut garments, slashed doublets, out-of-the-way cloaks, and other strange and antique habiliments. Our present author has no pedantry of this worst species; equally free is he from imitation; his characters are no soulless masks taken from the dead face; but he is of this school, even as the Italian painters studied the models of some great masters, which, while it fixed their judgment and refined their taste, yet left themselves with unfettered fancies to make their own originality. The eventful days of Richelieu are an admirable period, quite untrodden ground, and abounding in events of every species of the picturesque, the terrible, the mysterious, and the romantic. The female influence, which has ever been like the *maire de palais* to the Salique law, however destructive to the views of the politician, is most excellent for those of the novelist; and we congratulate Mr. James no less on the judgment which has chosen the subject, than on the talent which has developed it. We cannot do better than introduce his hero and heroine;

even as they are first introduced to the reader.

"When the carriage arrived at the *abreuvoir*, by the side of which Philip had placed himself, the footmen took the bridles from the horses' mouths to give them drink; and a small white hand, from within, drew back the taffeta curtain, displaying to the woodman one of the loveliest faces he had ever beheld. The lady looked round for a moment at the forest scene, in the midst of whose wild ruggedness they stood, and then raised her eyes toward the sky, letting them roam over the clear deepening expanse of blue, as if to satisfy herself how much daylight still remained for their journey. 'How far is it to St. Germain, good friend?' said she, addressing the woodman, as she finished her contemplations; and her voice sounded to Philip like the warble of a bird, notwithstanding a slight peculiarity of intonation, which more refined ears would instantly have decided as the accent of Roussillon, or some adjacent province: the lengthening of the *i*, and the swelling roundness of the Spanish *u*, sounding very differently from the sharp precision peculiar to the Parisian pronunciation. 'I wish, Pauline, that you would get over that bad habit of softening all your syllables,' said an old lady who sat beside her in the carriage: 'your French is scarcely comprehensible.' 'Dear mamma,' replied the young lady, playfully, 'am not I descended lineally from Clemeuce Isaure, the patroness of song and chivalry? And I should be sorry to speak aught but my own *langue d'oc*—the tongue of the first knights and first poets of France.—But hark! what is that noise in the wood?' 'Now help, for the love of God!' cried the woodman, snatching forth his axe, and turning to the horsemen who accompanied the carriage; 'murder is doing in the forest. Help, for the love of God!' But as he spoke, the trampling of a horse's feet was heard, and in a moment after, a stout black charger came down the road like lightning; the dust springing up under his feet, and the foam dropping from his bit. Half falling from the saddle, half supported by the reins, appeared the form of a gallant young cavalier; his naked sword still clasped in his hand, but now fallen powerless and dragging by the side of the horse; his head uncovered and thrown back, as if consciousness had almost left him, and the blood flowing from a deep wound in his forehead, and dripping amongst the thick curls of his dark-brown hair. The charger rushed furiously on; but the woodman caught the bridle as he passed, and with some difficulty reined him in; while one of the footmen lifted the young gentleman to the ground, and placed him at the foot of a tree. The two ladies had not beheld this scene unconcerned, and were descending from the carriage, when four or five servants in hunting livery were seen issuing from the wood at the turn of the road, contending with a very superior party of horsemen, whose rusty equipments and wild, anomalous sort of apparel, bespoke them free of the forest by not the most honourable franchise. 'Ride on, ride on!' cried the young lady to those who had come with her: 'ride on and help them!' and she herself advanced to give aid to the wounded cavalier, whose eyes seemed now closed for ever. He was as handsome a youth as one might look upon: one of those forms which we are fond to bestow upon the knights and heroes that we read of in our early days, when unchecked fancy is always ready to give her bright conceptions 'a local habitation and a name.' The young lady, whose heart had never been taught

to regulate its beatings by the frigid rules of society, or the sharp scourge of disappointment, now took the wounded man's head upon her knee, and gazed for an instant upon his countenance, the deadly paleness of which appeared still more ghastly from the red streams that trickled over it from the wound in his forehead. She then attempted to stanch the blood, but the trembling of her hands defeated her purpose, and rendered her assistance of but little avail. The elder lady had hitherto been giving her directions to the footmen, who remained with the carriage, while those on horseback rode on towards the fray. 'Stand to your arms, Michel!' cried she. 'You take heed to the coach. You three, draw up across the road, each with his arquebuse ready to fire. Let none but the true men pass.—Fie! Pauline, I thought you had a firmer heart.' She continued, approaching the young lady, 'Give me the handkerchief. That is a bad cut in his head, truly; but here is a worse stab in his side.' And she proceeded to unloose the gold loops of his hunting-coat, that she might reach the wound. But that action seemed to recall, in a degree, the senses of the wounded cavalier. 'Never! never!' he exclaimed, clasping his hand upon his side, and thrusting her fingers away from him with no very ceremonious courtesy—'never, while I have life.' 'I wish to do you no harm, young sir, but good,' replied the old lady: 'I seek but to stop the bleeding of your side, which is draining your heart dry.' The wounded man looked faintly round, his senses still bewildered, either by weakness from loss of blood, or from the stunning effects of the blow on his forehead. He seemed, however, to have caught and comprehended some of the words which the old lady addressed to him, and answered them by a slight inclination of the head, but still kept his hand upon the breast of his coat, as if he had some cause for wishing it not to be opened.

There is also a most powerfully written scene, where the Queen, Anne, is examined before the council touching her correspondence with Philip of Spain. Louis says:

"But who will vouch that those letters contained nothing treasonable? We have but your word, madam; and you well know that we are at war with Spain, and cannot procure a sight of the originals." 'Luckily,' replied Anne of Austria, her countenance brightening with a ray of hope, 'they have all been read by one whom your majesty yourself recommended to my friendship. Clara de Hauteuford, you have seen them all. Speak! Tell the king the nature of their contents without fear and without favour.' Mademoiselle de Hauteuford advanced from behind the queen's chair; and the king, who, it was generally believed, had once passionately loved her, but had met with no return, now fixed his eyes intently upon the pale, beautiful creature, that, scarcely like a being of the earth, glided silently forward and placed herself directly opposite to him. Clara de Hauteuford was devotedly attached to the queen. Whether it sprang from that sense of duty which in general governed all her actions, or whether it was personal attachment, matters little, as the effect was the same, and she would at no time have considered her life too great a sacrifice to the interest of her mistress. She advanced then before the council, knowing that the happiness, if not the life, of Anne of Austria might depend upon her answer; and clasping her sooty hands together, she raised her eyes towards heaven, 'So help me God at my utmost need!' she said, with a clear, slow, energetic utterance, 'no line that I have

ever seen of her majesty's writing—and I believe I have seen almost all she has written within the last five years—no line that I have seen, ever spoke any thing but the warmest attachment to my lord the king; nor did any ever contain the slightest allusion to the politics of this kingdom, but were confined entirely to the subject of her domestic life;—nor even then,' she continued, dropping her full blue eyes to the countenance of the king, and fixing them there, with a calm serious determined gaze, which overpowered the glance of the monarch, and made his eyelids fall—'nor even then did they ever touch upon her domestic sorrows.'"

We will not enter into any detail of the plot,—it is too interesting to be spoiled;—but one or two of the characters are so well drawn as to merit particular commendation. Chavigni, at once politic and generous, candid by nature, but dissimulative on principle, with such opposites of character, so well shaded together, is a masterpiece; and Cinq Mars is quite a Vandyke. In fine, we dismiss Mr. James with most cordial commendation for having produced a very superior work, and one well calculated for extensive popularity. That we do not illustrate it by farther extracts, must be excused on account of our numerous claims at this productive season, which even an additional sheet is insufficient to satisfy. We have only to add, that the excellence of *Richelieu* must not be estimated by the length of our review.

*Zoological Researches and Illustrations; or, Natural History of Nondescript or imperfectly known Animals.* By John V. Thompson, Esq. F.L.S., Surgeon to the Forces. Parts I. and II. 1829. Cork, King and Ridings; London, Treuttel and Co.

JUDGING from the opportunities which Mr. Thompson has had for extensive observation, and the number of remarkable discoveries which have been the reward of his zeal and industry, we may even now pronounce the *Zoological Researches* to be one of the most interesting and important works of our time. The plan of Mr. Thompson's publication takes in the whole range of the animal kingdom; but his views appear to be more particularly directed to the marine invertebrate animals, which of all others are the less generally and perfectly known to naturalists. The graphic illustrations given in each Part are ample; they are drawn and etched by the author himself, with great minuteness of detail, and are thus stamped with a kind of authority superior to that of most similar works. In the prosecution of this department Mr. Thompson does not appear to have been sparing of his eyesight, from the numerous dissections made under the power of the microscope,—a difficult and dangerous task when attempted upon very small subjects.

We are glad to see that the author has adopted the plan of most of the continental zoologists, in writing in the vernacular tongue, without any unnecessary introduction of technical language; so that he appears to aim at being as popular and intelligible as the nature of the subject and the actual state of the science will permit. Another circumstance calculated to recommend Mr. Thompson's *Zoological Researches* to more general attention, and to such as may not be immediately conversant with the particular subject under discussion, is, that in place of treating of the animals which come under his observation abstractedly, he points to the groups with which they have the greatest affinity, and connects and compares the new



facts which he has been enabled to bring forward with what had been previously known.

The first memoir, on the Metamorphoses of the Crustacea (a fact of which we have been hitherto wholly ignorant), is of first-rate importance, and shews us that those curious and anomalous creatures, the *zoëæ*, are crustacea in the first stage of their existence, in which they are swimming animals, adapted to aquatic life alone; and it affords a satisfactory reason why the land crabs of hot climates annually resort to the sea-shore, in despite of every obstacle, that they may deposit in the sea their young progeny, which would otherwise be lost, and the race become extinct. To the *zoëæ* already known, Mr. Thompson has added three others discovered by himself; viz. two in the Atlantic Ocean, and one in the Cove of Cork: the last is very remarkable, and is admirably illustrated in his second plate.

The second memoir, on the Opossum Shrimp (*Mysis*), develops, in the fullest and most satisfactory manner, the structure and habitudes of the individuals of this singular family, so very distinct from the true shrimps, and yet so strongly resembling them in their general form. Independent of the variety of new matter embodied in this memoir, and the satisfactory display of the structure of the opossum shrimp in the accompanying plates, the paper appears to have been called for by the circumstance of Mons. Risso (one of those amongst the French zoologists who have devoted most of their attention to the crustacea, and who has written upon them) having mistaken animals of a totally different kind for those of this genus.\*

"When (says Mr. Thompson) we take into account the extraordinary peculiarities of structure which these animals present to our notice, in being provided with a quadruple row of feet or members, and with hands vastly more complicated and beautiful than in man or any known creature, there could hardly be found a subject more worthy to engage our contemplation, or more capable of inspiring us with admiration of the Divine Perfection, as manifested in the minutest works of creation. \* \* \* It will hardly be credited (continues the ingenious writer) that such interesting peculiarities could have remained unnoticed, when it is known that the opossum shrimps are in these climates the most common of all the crustacea, that they abound to such a degree as to astonish by their countless myriads, and that (unlike all other animals of their class) they offer themselves freely to our view when we stroll along the margin of our estuaries, where, particularly in spring and summer, they may be observed forming an almost contiguous band or column of some feet in breadth, extending along either margin of the tide, from the sea up to where the water becomes almost fresh. If we stop to consider so singular a piece of negligence, it only furnishes a proof of the little attention that has hitherto been paid to this class of animals. \* \* \* Hitherto the opossum shrimps have not been observed farther south than the precincts of the English Channel; but they occur as far to the north as the icy seas of the polar regions, where they must exist in very great abundance during the summer season, as they are said by O. Fabricius to constitute one of the principal sources of nutriment to the whale, which, taking in myriads at a gulp, separates them from the water by means of its complicated strainers, and swallows the congregated pabulum which they now form at leisure. We should hardly give credence to the fact that

an animal so disproportioned should constitute the food of this leviathan; did we not perceive that the peculiar structure of the mouth and smallness of the gullet in these enormous creatures (the mysticete whales) is in perfect accordance, and fits them for separating small and soft animals of every kind from the seawater, while it precludes the power of masticating or of swallowing bodies of even moderate size. Abundance in this instance makes up for the individual smallness of the prey, and these little animals must be allowed to be a much more substantial food than the medusæ, upon which the whales are also understood to feed. In these climates the opossum shrimps serve as food to the herring and pilchard, and probably to many other fishes. \* \* \* The opossum shrimps, in common with all the smaller crustacea, are animals which require the best eyes and instruments to observe properly, and the most detailed sculpture to represent; if, therefore, the accompanying figures seem minute, they are rude when compared with the originals. It is in looking closely into the structure of these little animals, that we see the perfection of the Divine Artist: Nature's greater productions appear coarse indeed to these elaborate and highly finished master-pieces; and in going higher and higher with our magnifiers, we still continue to bring new parts and touches into view. If, for instance, we observe one of their members with the naked eye—which may be the utmost stretch of unassisted vision—with the microscope it first appears jointed, or composed of several pieces articulated together; employing a higher magnifier, it appears fringed with long hairs, which on further scrutiny gain a sensible diameter, and seem to be themselves fringed with hairs still more minute; many of these minute parts are evidently jointed, and perform sensible motions. But what idea can we form of the various muscles which put all these parts in motion, and the vessels which supply them with the nutrition essential to their growth and daily expenditure, all of which we know from analogy they must possess?"

The third memoir by Mr. Thompson, on the Luminosity of the Ocean, blends the information hitherto obtained upon this curious subject with the proper observations of the author himself, and furnishes details of several new luminous marine animals which had escaped those who had preceded him in the same field, or rather ocean, of inquiry. It adds, therefore, considerably to our knowledge of this phenomenon, without having entirely exhausted the subject, and points out the manner in which this investigation ought to be carried on. Describing a species of luminosity of comparatively rare occurrence, and that which is the most alarming in appearance, Mr. Thompson writes thus:—"I had but once an occasion to witness and to investigate it as it occurs in the Mediterranean. Returning from a fishing party late in a still evening across the Bay of Gibraltar, in a direction from the Pomones river to the old Mole, in company with Dr. Drummond (now professor of anatomy to the Belfast Institution) and a party of naval officers, the several boats, although separated a considerable distance, could be distinctly traced through the gloom by the snowy whiteness of their course, while that in which we were seemed to be passing through a sea of melted silver; such at least was the appearance of the water displaced by the movement of the boat and the motion of the oars. The hand, a stick, or the end of a rope, immersed in the water, instantly became luminous and all their parts visible; and when with-

drawn, brought up numerous luminous points, less than the smallest pin's-head, and of the softest and most destructible tenderness, appearing on a closer inspection, out of water, like hemispheric masses of a colourless jelly, evidently, however, organised and included within an enveloping tunic."

The forthcoming No. (III.) of Mr. Thompson's work is to include a memoir on the Cerripedes or Barnacles; and from the nature of the new facts and discoveries which it embraces, it will, we doubt not, be still more interesting than the first, which contains an account of the Metamorphoses of the Crab tribe.

If we were inclined to institute a comparison between these memoirs and those miscellaneous periodicals which have appeared in the same department of knowledge, we should find that this work differs from all of them in recording discoveries made by the author himself, in furnishing complete details, and in its popular character. Most of the others put forward representations of objects from public museums or private cabinets, remarkable for their form or colouring, and accompanied simply by the generic and specific characters, but of which even the native country is uncertain or unknown. Works of this latter class have their use, and are adapted to the tables and pockets of the opulent; while such as Mr. Thompson's are calculated to make natural history a popular study, and to conduce to the advancement of scientific inquiry.

#### THE WAVERLEY NOVELS: NEW SERIES

We have, as might have been expected from a journal like ours, in consequence of the popular interest of the subject, taken frequent opportunities to lay before the public such intelligence respecting, and such extracts from, this publication, as our intimate intercourse with literary affairs and priority of information enabled us to offer for the gratification of our readers. Thus they have been made acquainted with the general scope of the work, and have learnt the character of its additional notes and illustrations. We have now on our table the first two volumes, or the novel or Waverley complete, clothed in its neat crimson coat,—with its handsome vignettes and frontispieces,\*—and above all, for our purpose, after what we have already done, with the Advertisement and General Preface of its author. From these ingenious and interesting documents we will therefore do our best for the present occasion, though we feel that we can do them but scant justice by any epitome.

The Preface and the Introductory Notices to Waverley, as well as to each of the other separate Tales, contain an account of such circumstances as appear to Sir Walter Scott to be worthy of being communicated to the public; and every syllable which we have yet seen authorises us to say that the public will gratefully appreciate the favour. The various legends, family traditions, obscure historical facts, which have formed the ground-works of these celebrated novels; ancient customs, superstitions, and descriptions of the places where their many scenes are laid, are to finish the design, and will, we are sure, from the first example, be equally well relished.

The author sets out by expressing his fears

\* Of the embellishments we also gave some account in a preceding *Literary Gazette*: these volumes contain Flora singing to Waverley, by E. P. Stepanoff, and Bradwardine reading the Church Service to his Troop, by Newton. (frontispieces); and the vignettes, David Gellatley with Dogs, by E. Landseer, and another scene by J. Stepanoff,—all sweetly engraved by R. Graves, C. Rolin, and W. Riddan.

\* Risso, Hist. Nat. des Crustacés des Environs de Nice.

that in his introductory account of these compositions he may be led to speak more of himself and his personal concerns than is graceful or prudent:—we can assure him that he is an object of too deep and universal interest to admit of the slightest incident connected with himself or his writings being sought but most acceptable, not only to the British public, but to the civilised world, throughout which the productions of his pen have been so justly and greatly admired. "In this particular (he proceeds, in his good-humoured fashion) he runs the risk of presenting himself to the public in the relation that the dumb wife in the jest-book held to her husband, when, having spent half of his fortune to obtain the cure of her imperfection, he was willing to have bestowed the other half to restore her to her former condition. But this is a risk inseparable from the task which the author has undertaken, and he can only promise to be as little of an egotist as the situation will permit."

Of his juvenile days we are next presented with some delightfully naïve memoranda:—"I must (he says) refer to a very early period of my life, were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-teller—but I believe some of my old schoolfellows can still bear witness that I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance-writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle, during hours that should have been employed on our tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holidays was to escape with a chosen friend, who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry and battles and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure, and we used to select, for the scenes of our indulgence, long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of those holidays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon. I have only to add, that my friend still lives, a prosperous gentleman; but too much occupied with graver business, to thank me for indicating him more plainly as a confidant of my childish mystery."

To childhood, thus impressed, succeeded a long illness and a weakly constitution; during two years of which the principal occupation of the invalid was the perusal of the miscellaneous tomes of fiction, from the folios of *Cyrus* and *Cassandra* down to the most approved works of modern times, furnished by an Edinburgh circulating library. "Accordingly," he tells us, "I believe I read almost all the romances, old plays, and epic poetry, in that formidable collection, and, no doubt, was unconsciously amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be so much employed."

From this period, renovated health and strength, and severer professional studies, occupied our author in the usual manner of young men entering upon the busy scene of the world. He goes on—"It makes no part of the present story to detail how the success of a few ballads had the effect of changing all

the purpose and tenor of my life, and of converting a pains-taking lawyer of some years' standing into a follower of literature. It is enough to say, that I had assumed the latter character for several years before I seriously thought of attempting a work of imagination in prose, although one or two of my poetical attempts did not differ from romances otherwise than by being written in verse. But yet, I may observe, that about this time (now, alas! thirty years since) I had nourished the ambitious desire of composing a tale of chivalry, which was to be in the style of the *Castle of Otranto*, with plenty of Border characters and supernatural incident. Having found unexpectedly a chapter of this intended work among some old papers, I have subjoined it to this introductory essay, thinking some readers may account as curious the first attempts at romantic composition by an author who has since written so much in that department. And those who complain, not unreasonably, of the profusion of the Tales which have followed *Waverley*, may bless their stars at the narrow escape they have made, by the commencement of the inundation which had so nearly taken place in the first year of the century being postponed for fifteen years later. This particular subject was never resumed; but I did not abandon the idea of fictitious composition in prose, though I determined to give another turn to the style of the work. My early recollections of the Highland scenery and customs made so favourable an impression in the poem called the *Lady of the Lake*, that I was induced to think of attempting something of the same kind in prose. I had been a good deal in the Highlands at a time when they were much less accessible, and much less visited, than they have been of late years, and was acquainted with many of the old warriors of 1745, who were, like most veterans, easily induced to fight their battles over again, for the benefit of a willing listener like myself. It naturally occurred to me, that the ancient traditions and high spirit of a people, who, living in a civilised age and country, retained so strong a tincture of manners belonging to an early period of society, must afford a subject favourable for romance, if it should not prove a curious tale marred in the telling. It was with some idea of this kind, that, about the year 1805, I threw together about one-third part of the first volume of *Waverley*. It was advertised to be published by the late Mr. John Ballantyne, bookseller in Edinburgh, under the name of '*Waverley*;' or, '*'Tis Fifty Years since*,'—a title afterwards altered to '*'Tis Sixty Years since*,' that the actual date of publication might be made to correspond with the period in which the scene was laid. Having proceeded as far, I think, as the seventh chapter, I shewed my work to a critical friend, whose opinion was unfavourable; and having then some poetical reputation, I was unwilling to risk the loss of it by attempting a new style of composition. I therefore threw aside the work I had commenced, without either reluctance or remonstrance. I ought to add, that though my ingenious friend's sentence was afterwards reversed on an appeal to the public, it cannot be considered as any imputation on his good taste; for the specimen subjected to his criticism did not extend beyond the departure of the hero for Scotland, and, consequently, had not entered upon the part of the story which was finally found most interesting. Be that as it may, this portion of the manuscript was laid aside in the drawers of an old writing-desk, which, on my first coming to

reside at Abbotsford, in 1811, was placed in a lumber garret, and entirely forgotten. Thus, though I sometimes, among other literary avocations, turned my thoughts to the continuation of the romance which I had commenced, yet as I could not find what I had already written, after searching such repositories as were within my reach, and was too indolent to attempt to write it anew from memory, I as often laid aside all thoughts of that nature. Two circumstances, in particular, recalled my recollection of the mislaid manuscript."—These circumstances were, the publication of Miss Edgeworth's *Irish Tales*, and Mr. Scott's being called on by Mr. Murray, the bookseller, to edit the posthumous papers of Strutt, the antiquary, including the unfinished romance of *Queen-Hoo-Hall*.\*

The accident by which the long-missing commencement of *Waverley* (the acorn whence so many charming productions have sprung) was recovered, we heard years ago: it is now confirmed by the author's own statement.

"I happened (he relates) to want some fishing-tackle for the use of a guest, when it occurred to me to search the old writing-desk already mentioned, in which I used to keep articles of that nature. I got access to it with some difficulty; and, in looking for lines and flies, the long-lost manuscript presented itself. I immediately set to work to complete it, according to my original purpose. And here I must frankly confess, that the mode in which I conducted the story scarcely deserved the success which the romance afterwards attained. The tale of *Waverley* was put together with so little care, that I cannot boast of having sketched any distinct plan of the work. The whole adventures of *Waverley*, in his movements up and down the country with the Highland cateran *Bean Lean*, are managed without much skill. It suited best, however, the road I wanted to travel, and permitted me to introduce some descriptions of scenery and manners, to which the reality gave an interest which the powers of the author might have otherwise failed to attain for them. And though I have been in other instances a sinner in this sort, I do not recollect any of these novels, in which I have transgressed so widely as in the first of the series."

Sir Walter then refutes the reports that this novel was ever offered for sale to any London booksellers: it was published in 1814. "Its progress was for some time slow; but after the first two or three months, its popularity had increased in a degree which must have satisfied the expectations of the author, had these been far more sanguine than he ever entertained. Great anxiety was expressed to learn the name of the author, but on this no authentic information could be attained. My original motive for publishing the work anonymously, was the consciousness that it was an experiment on the public taste which might very probably fail, and therefore there was no occasion to take on myself the personal risk of discomfiture. For this purpose considerable precautions were used to preserve secrecy."

These are detailed; and the author proceeds to say why the incognito was so strenuously preserved. "I am sorry (he says) I can give little satisfaction to queries on this subject. I have already stated elsewhere, that I can render

\* The concluding chapter of this romance is given as an appendix to the Introduction, "for the reason (says the writer) already mentioned regarding the preceding fragment. It was a step in my advance towards romantic composition; and to preserve the traces of these is, in a great measure, the object of this essay."



little better reason for choosing to remain anonymous, than by saying, with Shylock, that such was my humour. It will be observed, that I had not the usual stimulus for desiring personal reputation, the desire, namely, to float amidst the conversation of men. Of literary fame, whether merited or undesired, I had already as much as might have contented a mind more ambitious than mine; and in entering into this new contest for reputation, I might be said rather to endanger what I had, than to have any considerable chance of acquiring more. I was affected, too, by none of those motives, which, at an earlier period of life, would doubtless have operated upon me. My friendships were formed,—my place in society fixed,—my life had attained its middle course. My condition in society was higher, perhaps, than I deserved, certainly as high as I wished, and there was scarce any degree of literary success which could have greatly altered or improved my personal condition. I was not, therefore, touched by the spur of ambition, usually stimulating on such occasions; and yet I ought to stand exculpated from the charge of ungracious or unbecoming indifference to public applause. I did not the less feel gratitude for the public favour, although I did not proclaim it,—as the lover who wears his mistress's favour in his bosom, is as proud, though not so vain of possessing it, as another who displays the token of her grace upon his bonnet. Far from such an ungracious state of mind, I have seldom felt more satisfaction than when, returning from a pleasure voyage, I found Waverley in the zenith of popularity, and public curiosity in full cry after the name of the author. The knowledge that I had the public approbation, was like having the property of a hidden treasure, not less gratifying to the owner than if all the world knew that it was his own. Another advantage was connected with the secrecy which I observed. I could appear, or retreat from the stage at pleasure, without attracting any personal notice or attention, other than what might be founded on suspicion only. In my own person, also, as a successful author in another department of literature, I might have been charged with too frequent intrusions on the public patience; but the Author of Waverley was in this respect as impossible to the critic as the Ghost of Hamlet to the partisan of Marcellus. Perhaps the curiosity of the public, irritated by the existence of a secret, and kept afloat by the discussions which took place on the subject from time to time, went a good way to maintain an unabated interest in these frequent publications. There was a mystery concerning the author, which each new novel was expected to assist in unravelling, although it might in other respects rank lower than its predecessors. I may perhaps be thought guilty of affectation, should I allege as one reason of my silence, a secret dislike to enter on personal discussions concerning my own literary labours. It is in every case a dangerous intercourse for an author to be dwelling continually among those who make his writings a frequent and familiar subject of conversation, but who must necessarily be partial judges of works composed in their own society. The habits of self-importance, which are thus acquired by authors, are highly injurious to a well-regulated mind; for the cup of flattery, if it does not, like that of Circe, reduce men to the level of beasts, is sure, if eagerly drained, to bring the best and the ablest down to that of fools. This risk was in some degree prevented by the mask which I wore; and my own stores of self-conceit were left to their natural course,

without being enhanced by the partiality of friends, or adulation of flatterers. If I am asked further reasons for the conduct I have long observed, I can only resort to the explanation supplied by a critic as friendly as he is intelligent; namely, that the mental organisation of the novelist must be characterised, to speak craniologically, by an extraordinary development of the passion for delinquency! I the rather suspect some natural disposition of this kind; for, from the instant I perceived the extreme curiosity manifested on the subject, I felt a secret satisfaction in baffling it, for which, when its unimportance is considered, I do not well know how to account. My desire to remain concealed, in the character of the Author of these Novels, subjected me occasionally to awkward embarrassments, as it sometimes happened, that those who were sufficiently intimate with me would put the question in direct terms. In this case, only one of three courses could be followed. Either I must have surrendered my secret,—or have returned an equivocating answer,—or, finally, must have stoutly and boldly denied the fact. The first was a sacrifice which I conceive no one had a right to force from me, since I alone was concerned in the matter. The alternative of rendering a doubtful answer must have left me open to the degrading suspicion that I was not unwilling to assume the merit (if there was any) which I dared not absolutely lay claim to; or those who might think more justly of me, must have received such an equivocal answer as an indirect avowal. I therefore considered myself entitled, like an accused person put upon trial, to refuse giving my own evidence to my own conviction, and flatly to deny all that could not be proved against me. At the same time I usually qualified my denial by stating, that, had I been the author of these works, I would have felt myself quite entitled to protect my secret by refusing my own evidence, when it was asked for to accomplish a discovery of what I desired to conceal. The real truth is, that I never expected or hoped to disguise my connexion with these Novels from any one who lived on terms of intimacy with me. The number of coincidences which necessarily existed between narratives recounted, modes of expression, and opinions broached in these Tales, and such as were used by their author in the intercourse of private life, must have been far too great to permit any of my familiar acquaintances to doubt the identity between their friend and the Author of Waverley; and I believe they were all morally convinced of it. But while I was myself silent, their belief could not weigh much more with the world than that of others; their opinions and reasoning were liable to be taxed with partiality, or confronted with opposing arguments and opinions; and the question was not so much, whether I should be generally acknowledged to be the author, in spite of my own denial, as whether even my own avowal of the works, if such should be made, would be sufficient to put me in undisputed possession of that character."

In the remaining portion of this interesting paper, Sir Walter refers to the rumours touching his brother, Mr. Thomas Scott, of the 70th regiment, who had once entertained the intention of entering upon a similar field of literature, but who never had the least connexion with the Waverley Novels. "The volumes, therefore, (he continues) to which the present pages form a preface, are entirely the composition of the author by whom they

are now acknowledged, with the exception, always, of avowed quotations, and such unpremeditated and involuntary plagiarisms as can scarce be guarded against by any one who has read and written a great deal. The original manuscripts are all in existence, and entirely written (*horresco referens*) in the author's own hand, excepting during the years 1818 and 1819, when, being affected with severe illness, he was obliged to employ the assistance of a friendly amanuensis. \* \*

"I have (he adds) some reason to fear that the notes which accompany the tales, as now published, may be thought too miscellaneous and too egotistical. It may be some apology for this, that the publication was intended to be posthumous; and, still more, that old men may be permitted to speak long, because they cannot, in the course of nature, have long time to speak. In preparing the present edition, I have done all that I can do to explain the nature of my materials, and the use I have made of them; nor is it probable that I shall again revise or even read these tales."

Such is the best history we can make of an essay which we confess has affected us extremely; and, to close, we shall simply quote a few of the most remarkable traits from the Appendices. (I. Fragment of Thomas the Rhymer; II. Chapters of Queen-Hoo-Hall; and III. Anecdotes of School Days.)

Of Appendix I.—"The author's purpose was, that it should turn upon a fine legend of superstition, which is current in the part of the Borders where he had his residence; where, in the reign of Alexander III. of Scotland, that renowned person Thomas of Heselidoun, called the Rhymer, actually flourished. This personage, the Merlin of Scotland, and to whom some of the adventures which the British bards assigned to Merlin Caledonius, or the Wild, have been transferred by tradition, was, as is well known, a magician, as well as a poet and prophet. He is alleged still to live in the land of Faery, and is expected to return at some great convulsion of society, in which he is to act a distinguished part,—a tradition common to all nations, as the belief of the Mahomedans respecting their twelfth Imaum demonstrates. Now, it chanced many years since, that there lived on the Borders a jolly, rattling horse-cowper, who was remarkable for a reckless and fearless temper, which made him much admired, and a little dreaded, amongst his neighbours. One moonlight night, as he rode over Bowden Moor, on the west side of the Eildon Hills, the scene of Thomas the Rhymer's prophecies, and often mentioned in his story, having a brace of horses along with him which he had not been able to dispose of, he met a man of venerable appearance and singularly antique dress, who, to his great surprise, asked the price of his horses, and began to chaffer with him on the subject. To Canobie Dick, for so shall we call our Border dealer, a chap was a chap, and he would have sold a horse to the devil himself, without minding his cloven hoof, and would have probably cheated Old Nick, into the bargain. The stranger paid the price they agreed on; and all that puzzled Dick in the transaction was, that the gold which he received was in unicorns, bonnet-pieces, and other ancient coins, which would have been invaluable to collectors, but were rather troublesome in modern currency. It was gold, however, and therefore Dick contrived to get better value for the coin than he perhaps gave to his customer. By the command of so good a merchant, he brought horses to the same spot more than once; the purchaser only stipulating that he should always

come by night, and alone. I do not know whether it was from mere curiosity, or whether some hope of gain mixed with it but; after Dick had sold several horses in this way, he began to complain that dry bargains were unlucky, and to hint, that since his chap must live in the neighbourhood, he ought, in the courtesy of dealing, to treat him to half a mutchkin. 'You may see my dwelling if you will,' said the stranger; 'but if you lose courage at what you see there, you will rue it all your life.' Dicken, however, laughed the warning to scorn; and having alighted to secure his horse, he followed the stranger up a narrow foot-path, which led them up the hills to the singular eminence stuck betwixt the most southern and the centre peaks, and called from its resemblance to such an animal in its form, the Lucken Hare. At the foot of this eminence, which is almost as famous for witch meetings as the neighbouring wind-mill of Kippilaw, Dick was somewhat startled to observe that his conductor entered the hill-side by a passage or cavern, of which he himself, though well acquainted with the spot, had never seen or heard. 'You may still return,' said his guide, looking ominously back upon him; but Dick scorned to shew the white feather, and on they went. They entered a very long range of stables; in every stall stood a coal-black horse; by every horse lay a knight in coal-black armour, with a drawn sword in his hand, but all were as silent, hoof and limb, as if they had been cut out of marble. A great number of torches lent a gloomy lustre to the hall, which, like those of the Calph Vathek, was of large dimensions. At the upper end, however, they at length arrived, where a sword and horn lay on an antique table. 'He that shall sound that horn and draw that sword,' said the stranger, who now intimated that he was the famous Thomas of Hersildoune, 'shall, if his heart fail him not, be king over all broad Britain. So speaks the tongue that cannot lie. But all depends on courage, and much on your taking the sword or the horn first.' Dick was much disposed to take the sword; but his bold spirit was quailed by the supernatural terrors of the hall, and he thought to unsheathe the sword first, might be construed into defiance, and give offence to the powers of the mountain. He took the bugle with a trembling hand, and a feeble note, but loud enough to produce a terrible answer. Thunder rolled in stunning peals through the immense hall; horses and men started to life; the steeds snorted, stamped, grinded their bits, and tossed on high their heads—the warriors sprung to their feet, clashed their armour, and brandished their swords. Dick's terror was extreme at seeing the whole army, which had been so lately silent as the grave, in uproar, and about to rush on him. He dropped the horn, and made a feeble attempt to seize the enchanted sword; but at the same moment a voice pronounced aloud the mysterious words:

'Wo to the coward, that ever he was born,  
Who did not draw the sword before he blew the horn!

At the same time a whirlwind of irresistible fury howled through the long hall, bore the unfortunate horse-jockey clear out of the mouth of the cavern, and precipitated him over a steep bank of loose stones, where the shepherds found him the next morning, with just breath sufficient to tell his fearful tale, after concluding which he expired. This legend, with several variations, is found in many parts of Scotland and England."

Of Appendix II. a minstrel ballad, sung under the castle windows of a chivalrous party.

"Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
On the mountain dawns the day;  
All the jolly chase is here,  
With hawk and horse, and hunting spear:  
Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
Merrily, merrily, merrily they lay,  
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
The mist has left the mountain gray;  
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,  
And foresters have busy been,  
To track the buck in thicket green;  
Now we come to chant our lay,  
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
To the green-wood haste away;  
We can shew you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot and tall of size;  
We can shew the marks he made,  
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;  
You shall see him brought to bay,  
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Louder, louder chunt the lay,  
Waken, lords and ladies gay;  
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,  
Run a course as well as we.  
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,  
Stench as hound and fleet as hawk?  
Think of this, and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay."

A bridal song (we rather think this has appeared elsewhere):—

"And did you not hear of a mirth befell  
The morrow after a wedding day,  
And carrying a bride at home to dwell?  
And away to Tewin, away, away!  
The quintain was set, and the garlands were made—  
'Thy plit old customs should ever decay;  
And wo be to him that was horned on a jade—  
For he carried no credit away, away!  
We met a consort of fiddle-de-dees;  
We set them a cockhorse, and made them play  
The winning of Bullen, and Upsey-fires,  
And away to Tewin, away, away!  
There was ne'er a lad in all the parish  
That would go to the plough that day;  
But on his fore-horse his wench he carries,  
And away to Tewin, away, away!  
The butler was quick, and the ale he did tap,  
The maidens did make the chamber full gay;  
The servants did give me a fuddling cup,  
And I did carry't away, away!  
The smith of the town his liquor so took,  
That he was persuaded that the ground look'd blew;  
And I dare boldly be sworn on a book,  
Such smiths as he there's but a few.  
A posset was made, and the women did sip,  
And simpering said they could eat no more;  
Full many a maiden was laid on the lip,  
I'll say no more, but give o'er, (give o'er.)"

Of Appendix III. we can only quote the feeling conclusion, (leaving the school story of Green-Brecks to be found in the volume itself).

"Perhaps (says Sir Walter) I ought not to have inserted this schoolboy tale; but, besides the strong impression made by the incident at the time, the whole accompaniments of the story are matters to me of solemn and sad recollection. Of all the little band who were concerned in those juvenile sports or brawls, I can scarce recollect a single survivor. Some left the ranks of mimic war to die in the active service of their country. Many sought distant lands, to return no more. Others, dispersed in different paths of life, 'my dim eyes now seek for in vain.' Of five brothers, all healthy and promising, in a degree far beyond one whose infancy was visited by personal infirmity, and whose health after this period seemed long very precarious, I am, nevertheless, the only survivor. The best loved, and the best deserving to be loved, who had destined this incident to be the foundation of literary composition, died 'before his day' in a distant and foreign land; and trifles assume an importance not their own, when connected with those who have been loved and lost."

And here, too, we must end. This edition is worthily dedicated to the King; and these two beautiful volumes cost only two crowns!

*The Life and Times of Francis the First, King of France.* 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Bull.

We have often wondered, that, amid the many memoirs which have lately added so much to our knowledge, no writer should before have chosen a monarch who from his situation played so prominent a part in the political history of his eventful period, and whose personal character added all the interest of a hero of romance. The present volumes deserve much praise: the language is good, the interspersed remarks often very judicious; and a great mass of information is most pleasantly condensed, and enlivened by a variety of anecdote. We shall select a few specimens illustrative of the author's manner.

"A peasant, who is called by the contemporary writers indiscriminately Attendulo, or Giacomuzzo, was ploughing in a field of Cotignola when some troops passed by. The spirit within him prompted him to leave the servile pursuit in which he was engaged, for one which, if not less laborious, would be more distinguished. Yielding to a common superstition, he threw his ploughshare into a tree, with the resolution, if it should fall again to the earth, to continue his toils; if not, to seek his fortunes as a soldier. The share remained among the branches, and Attendulo renounced his peaceful avocations. His valour and his prodigious strength soon gave him some consideration among the soldiers whom he joined, and procured him the name of Sforza, which he made one of the most illustrious of his time. His genius for war developed itself; he rose rapidly to command; seven thousand volunteers marched under his banners, whose services he sold to such of the intriguing and quarrelsome potentates of Italy as loved war, but loved better to carry it on with the arms of others than with their own. Wealth and distinction flowed upon him in a full current. An accidental fall from his horse, while he was yet in full vigour, terminated his life. He left legitimate sons who inherited none of his talents, and one natural son, whose skill was equal, and whose good fortune was superior to his own. Francesco Sforza, by being the protector of Milan against the invasions of the neighbouring powers, became the master of it. The emperor, who pretended that it was a fief of the empire, and had reverted to him, offered to give him the investiture on payment of a certain sum. Sforza despised his offer, and expressed his determination of keeping with his sword that which his sword had won."

A speech of the Maréchal de Gié is curious, from its coincidence with the famous declaration of Cardinal Wolsey.

"In replying to the depositions of the countess, the maréchal conducted himself with great adroitness. He laid aside all his ferocity; and without alluding to the obvious fact, that his present accusation arose out of a desire to serve her and her cause, and without seeming to insinuate a reproach, he said to her, 'Si j'avois toujours servi Dieu, comme je vous ai servi, madame, je n'aurois pas grande compte à rendre à la mort.'

"Among the nobles who repaired to the court, was the Count de Chateaubriant: he was related by marriage to the younger branch of the house of Foix, three of the brothers of which family were in the army, and had already shewn that they were worthy representatives of a name which had long stood eminent in the martial annals of France. The Count de Chateaubriant had married their



sister, whose extraordinary beauty had made up for her want of a dowry; and with a caution, in which the event proved he was too well justified, he had declined bringing her to court. The report of her charms had, however, reached the ears of the king, who invited her husband to let her visit the metropolis. The count made various excuses; but finding that he could not resist the importunities of the king, he endeavoured to put an end to them, by assuring Francis that his wife loved her retirement too well to quit it; and that as hitherto all his persuasions had failed, he felt unwilling to repeat them, or to force her inclinations. He had foreseen that all kinds of stratagems would be resorted to for the purpose of making him display his hidden beauty; and had adopted a precaution which he believed would effectually protect him against the artifices of the king, and those minions of the court who he knew, not less from a love of mischief than from a desire of accomplishing the king's will, would endeavour to thwart his intentions. He had procured two rings, the exact counterparts of each other, one of which he had given to his countess, and the other he kept in his own possession. He told her that he should perhaps, when at court, be compelled to ask her to come thither; but he enjoined her to pay no attention to his letters, however important he might write, until she should receive one from him in which his ring should be enclosed. The young and innocent lady, who had always lived at a great distance from the court, who was happy in the love of her husband, and who found in his castle, situate in a remote part of Brittany, all the splendour she then desired, unhesitatingly promised him obedience. The count again appeared at court, and again encountered the half-jesting reproaches of Francis, for not having brought his wife with him. He assured the king that her own wish alone kept her at home; and, in proof of his veracity, he offered to write in such terms as the king might dictate, a request that she would join him. The ring not accompanying the letter, he received from his countess such an answer as he expected, and he triumphantly produced her epistle to the king; thus for a time relieving himself from solicitations which his jealous fears rendered extremely irksome. The mischievous perseverance of some of the courtiers, however, helped them to a discovery of his secret. He had a servant whose fidelity and attachment had gained him the entire confidence of his master. This man, who had observed the extraordinary care which the count took of his ring, asked him the reason of his solicitude; and to him the count did not hesitate to explain it, in the belief that it was of all things the least likely that he would ever divulge it. The servant was bribed by some persons about the court, for the purpose of gaining intelligence respecting the countess; and the story of the ring being thus known, it was not difficult to get him to steal it. A skilful goldsmith made a fac-simile of the jewel with great despatch; and the original, after a short absence, was placed where the count, who had been very much distressed at missing it, found it again, and believed he had mislaid it. He was then urged once more to write to the countess, which he did with unhesitating confidence. The false ring was inserted into his letter and despatched into Brittany; and his first knowledge of the fraud that had been practised upon him was derived from the sudden appearance of his obedient wife, who im-

mediately upon the receipt of the letter had hastened to Paris. Here the romance of the story ends. The king saw the countess, and was struck with her beauty. She fell beneath the artifices which were employed for her ruin; and her husband retired to his castle to hide his misery and dishonour in the scene of his former happiness, but which her frailty had made a solitude.

Francis Sickinghen was one of those extraordinary spirits who seem born for the purpose of proving what individual activity and genius can achieve. He was a gentleman of Germany, of small fortune and obscure family; but by his courage, his eloquence, and his intelligence, he had raised himself to a position of great importance. He was acquainted with all the influential persons of Germany, and had engaged most of them in his interests. His exploits would seem a fitter subject for romance than for history, but that history is sometimes the most marvellous kind of romance. He had raised a small force, which he kept constantly on foot, and with which he carried on war against the emperor and such of the independent states as had not engaged his alliance. He traversed Germany with a rapidity which defied pursuit. He had at different periods attacked the Duke of Lorraine, the town of Metz, the Landgrave of Hesse, and had reduced them to pay him a tribute. When a force with which he could not cope was directed against him, he and his army disappeared, until, by his intrigues, he had provoked the attack of some more powerful enemy against the emperor, and thus drawn off his resentment from himself, when he returned with unabated resolution to the prosecution of his former designs. Fleuranges, who knew his value, presented him to Francis as a man whose assistance might be made of the greatest service to his projects upon the empire. The king was struck with the extraordinary talents which the German displayed, treated him with distinction, granted him a pension of one thousand crowns, and made presents to the train of gentlemen whom Sickinghen always led with him, and who, in point of birth and fortune, were infinitely his superiors. Francis, however, treated him with a reserve which wounded the pride of this haughty adventurer. He engaged him to serve in Germany; but he did not think fit to explain to him the real point at which he aimed. Sickinghen, before he departed, told his friend Fleuranges that he was grateful for the generosity, and delighted with the reception he had met with from the king, to whom he promised to devote his best services against all the world, excepting only the house of La Mark, to whom he was under indelible obligations. 'But he does not know me,' he added, 'if he thinks that I am more easily to be attached to him by his bounty than by his confidence. I see through his plans, although he and you have thought fit not to avow them—he aims at the empire. I demanded certain troops from him, and he has refused my request; he thought, perhaps, I wanted them for myself; but they were solely for the purpose of gaining for him a body of German gentlemen. Tell him that he will never be well served but by simple gentlemen such as I am. If he deals with princes and electors they will take his money and deceive him afterwards.' Sickinghen returned to Germany and exercised again the free warfare to which he was accustomed. Some traders of Germany who had been unjustly dealt with by certain Milan merchants, applied to him for assistance; and he did them right by seizing

property of the value of 25,000 francs belonging to the Milanese. The latter carried their complaints to Francis as their liege lord, and he demanded restitution from Sickinghen, who replied, that when the Germans under his protection should have had justice done to them, he would give up the effects he had seized. The king's council, who had no notion of the sort of man they had to deal with, punished the haughtiness of his answer by suspending his pension; and Sickinghen, thus freed from his engagements with Francis, became a party to those which his friends of the house of La Mark had formed with the King of Spain. He afterwards put himself at the head of a body of Suabian troops, whose services Francis might have secured, but neglected; and his presence with this force in the neighbourhood of Frankfurt when the diet was assembled there, was believed to have contributed in no small degree to influence the election."

We are informed that these volumes have been concocted by a legal gentleman; and we can fairly say that they do him great credit. He has produced a pleasant history, in many places very like a pleasant romance.

#### *Apician Morsels.*

#### *Dalgairn's Cookery.*

#### *Kitchiner's Housekeeper's Oracle.*

OUR second course with the modern Apicius will not, we trust, nauseate persons of good taste; though we confess it may be unpalatable to feed too long on bad dishes. And what can be more disgusting than your inferior order of book-making?—in all things offensive, in cookery abominable. Therefore, it is probably the impertinence of the following passages, combined with the indelicacies of the Apician morsels, which has excited our anger against the volume that presents them. "Dinner (says the bold fellow who has committed this outrage) is the most interesting daily action of our lives; as being that which is performed with most eagerness, pleasure, and appetite. Sooner would a coquette renounce to please, a poet to be praised, a blackleg to be believed upon his oath, a comedian to be applauded, a rich citizen to be flattered, than seven-eighths of the Londoners to make a good meal. We have always been much surprised that in this diversified, book-making age, no author has ever taken upon himself the task of treating this subject with the gravity it deserves, or to have written on dinners in a philosophical manner."

To mention "book-making" in such a book, is indeed a high stretch of audacity; but our compiler has an uncommonly large stock of imperturbable effrontery, for he elsewhere tells the public to its face,—"It is a common complaint amongst the learned, that booksellers love to print trifling productions in preference to works of real value. They should not, however, complain of the booksellers, but of their readers; for, if the publishing of valuable books was as lucrative as that of those insignificant scrawls, no doubt the booksellers would prefer good works to bad ones."

How the matter stands between the writer, his publishers, and his conscience, we cannot determine; but we will venture to predict that "the learned" will be no parties to this im-

\* This passage, we surmise, lets us into the secret of this paltry book; for it is clear that on the ground here laid down the author has taken his chance: if bad works succeed in proportion to their demerits, we congratulate him on having produced a volume likely to be the most popular of any that ever was published on the subject of cookery.

posture. Yet we must divert ourselves with a few more of the gastronomic exhibitions of this precious phœnix.

"Nothing paralyses a good appetite so much as the presence of valets, or *Johns*, at table. They ought only to enter when they bring fresh dishes; after that immediately to retire; the female servants necessary to the course running with plates. It would still be better to bring in each dish in its turn, one of the guests, at the same time, getting up to go and take it from the bearer at the door." (Only fancy this, in a London party!!!) What is meant by the next reflection, we confess we are utterly unable to guess. "It is essential that a dining-room be warmed in every part. A stove effects this purpose very well; but the precaution should never be forgotten, to shelter the legs of the guest from the external air.—It is no less necessary to preserve the feet warm during the time of eating. This may be effected by various means, according to convenience, which every gourmand who has the well-being of his guests at heart will know how to contrive: the ladies—that's enough, the cold seldom strikes downwards."

It is, however, as far as we can fancy from analogy, very like cutting up an ass, to attempt the dissection of this wiseacre; and so we shall rather let him appear in his own natural hide and likeness.

"To leave any thing for manners on your plate, is rather a breach, than an observance, of common politeness towards your host"!\*

"In a leg of beef, two things are distinguished—namely, the parish-priest's piece, and the parish-clerk's. The last is the least tender; as, indeed, it ought to be, for there is scarcely any thing so *tuff* as an old humbug of this caste."

"The tail of a rabbit, or of a hare, is the most delicate morsel; and is always offered to the most distinguished guest."

The tail of a rabbit or hare!—the man must be as mad as the latter in March: may-be he means the ear; but it is not easy to divine. At page 263, after telling, at pages 261-2, a very nasty story, and spoiling it by omitting the wittiest part of it, we are treated with a woodcut of Domitian convoking the senate to ascertain the mode of cooking a turbot, in which print the usual facility of the ingenious doer of the work prevails—for he represents the emperor, who, every schoolboy could tell, was bald, with a good stock of black hair upon his imperial head! In the next page (oh, the classical dog!) he states, that every meal Vitellius took with his friends cost ten thousand *croens*!—but what Roman coin that was, we have not yet ascertained.

Now pass we on rapidly through the pages, for our miscellaneous notes on a few "morsels" of exquisite gusto. Page 290 mentions "Audebonte, a king of England, who died at table from eating too much;" and we immediately asked ourselves who the dickens is this fine king? At last we (see what conjurers we are) found out that our friend with the strange name, Audebonte, could be no other but *Hardicanute*: the French, who make a rule of misprinting every English proper name, having so *transmogrified* that worthy monarch, and our clever translator having, in one instance at least, faithfully followed his original! The same learned page speaks of *Peson* as a Roman person who was made a prætor by Tiberius; but we have not

\* Four pages on, this memorable maxim is repeated. "It would be an insult offered to the master of the house, to leave any thing eatable on your plate, or any wine in your glass."

been so fortunate in discovering who this ancient tippler was. Lempriere knows him not, and the archives of the famous Pease or Pestle family of California have him not in catalogue. (Vide *Piso*.)

A chapter entitled "Personal Vexations; or the Miseries of dining abroad, as well as at home," is full of foreign ills, not in the least applicable to English manners. For example, a bachelor on returning home finds he has lost the key of his street door, and must call in a blacksmith "to break in the porte," p. 296; of course this bachelor can have no servant, and only an empty house. The three following are purely Parisian and not London miseries:—

"IV. To be obliged to pass by the servant at the moment she is sweeping the staircase, and to get all over dust, because you have not time to wait. V. To take a hackney coach, that you may keep yourself clean, and on getting out of the coach, to place your foot in a heap of mud, which covers your shoes, and then to be reduced to the necessity of wiping them with your pocket handkerchief. VI. Having arrived in a hurry, although a little too late and as hungry as a hunter, in the expectation of finding the guests already seated at table, to pass the dining-room and see that the cloth is not even laid."

To what state of society the next belongs we cannot guess:—

"To be regaled during the dinner with the agreeable and polite noise of the master and the mistress of the house alternately scolding their servants, calling them names, and being called upon to be the judge between them." "To eat too fast, and, without thinking, to use the knife instead of the fork (*à l'Anglaise*), lose the road to your mouth, and wound your cheek with a sharp-pointed knife (*à la Française*)." [Mistaken!]

"The small bone of a herring, or of a carp, sticking in your palate, you try all you can to get it up by coughing and spitting; at length your stomach revolts, and you serve up your dinner again in rather an unusual way." [Cleanly!!] "Having discoursed during dinner with well-informed people, and to recollect, at tea-time, that you made two grammatical errors in combating their assertions." [Important!] "During the first quadrille or country dance with a young and pretty dancer, (the mistress of the house, for instance), to be taken with a severe and unyielding colic, the tardy and unexpected effect of some purgative pills which you now recollect to have taken in the morning." [Very cleanly!!!] "To disturb your false collar in raising up your cravat; to be forced to do penance at some innocent game, to take off your coat, and to expose a coarse dirty shirt, full of holes about the shoulders." [Very genteel!!]

"Lastly, to return home at two o'clock in the morning, wet and dirty, because you have not been able to procure a coach; to find you have got the devil's own appetite, in consequence of coming away before supper; to be obliged to wait a quarter of an hour at the street door, before you are let in; when you do get in, there is no light, and you break the wash-hand basin, with all its appurtenances, which are upset; you can't find your night-shirt; the bed is not made; the blankets are too short, and leave your shoulders uncovered: being thus exposed to the cold, you pull up the clothes, and uncover your feet; you then knock and kick about, trying to put things to right, and, hooking in the curtains, pull down the top of the bed upon your head; lose your equilibrium, and tumble out in the middle of the floor, with the mattress, bed clothes, &c.

and upset the table with your watch upon it: at length you succeed, by dint of groping, to lay your hand upon the tinder-box, you strike a light, but find no matches; get into bed again, as well as you can, in the dark, and during the remainder of the night never once close your eyes for cold and a violent headache; at the same time, you are agreeably charmed with a neighbour in the adjoining room 'driving his pigs to market,' who has gone to sleep upon a hearty supper."

Very pleasant manners altogether, and a vastly pleasant picture of society. Assuredly the author is the man to paint them—for

He best can paint them who has felt them most.

The next chapter, a collection of gourmand receipts, is plundered from a little book called *Oxford Nightcaps*, without acknowledgment; and yet there is, p. 315, an impudent charge against Dr. Kitchiner for compiling "shop works" from the *Almanach des Gourmands*; and against the incomparable Ude for borrowing from *La Cuisinière Bourgeoise*. Now, without saying that the worthy Doctor did not avail himself of previous French writers, or that the inventions of the immortal Ude are altogether original—we will venture to assert, that for a single line which the one, or a single hint which the other, has taken from former authorities, their accuser has pilfered fifty; and, what is worse, has spoiled what he has stolen. With this consolation, we dismiss the modern Apicius—and a finale of two neat hits which he has made:—p. 332, we are told of "Doctor Sangrado (not our esteemed Sancho Panza), in his government of Barataria;" and, p. 320, are indulged in the neat bull, "that unusual feasting, frequently repeated, brings on a bad state of health!"

If the public can digest this stuff, they are an ostrich public, and may digest any thing; and of an appetite fit for the feat we shall append in a note, the individual being one of the public mass.\*

\* We find our illustrative story in the first Number of a clever little quarterly periodical called the *Provincial Gazette*,† which, among other interesting articles, has a case of *bulimia*, or canine appetite; and the description seems to be precisely that of a person who might have relished these Apician Morsels. The circumstances happened at Portsea, and are vouched for by Dr. Porter. "William Faircloth, etat. 19, a pale, emaciated subject, received into the Racoon, Convict Hospital ship. His pulse is small and frequent, tongue furred, skin cold and pallid, eyes glassy, abdomen enlarged. Has a small carbuncle on the posterior part of the neck, and an induration on the outer side of the right leg. This latter terminated in a small abscess, which was cured under the usual treatment.—Aug. 29d. On this day the medical attention was directed to his immoderate appetite."

We are not going into the other details, which, fitting for a medical report, are not quite the literature of a *Literary Gazette*,—therefore we confine our extracts to what William Faircloth consumed. "Aug. 22. Solids and spoon victuals, 26lb. 8oz., drink (by weight), 12lb. 10oz.; total, 49lbs. 6oz. Pulse 68 and languid, tongue white, temperature of the surface of the body below the natural, exhaling a disagreeable odour. He takes his food in small quantities, but very often, and his call for drink is incessant. Has a pain and hardness in the region of the liver.—23d. No alteration in symptoms or treatment. Food consumed in twenty-four hours—solid, 19lb. 8oz., fluid, 23lb. 12oz.—Sept. 3d. Food, 17lb. 8oz., drink, 11lb. 12oz. From this date a diary was kept, specifying the particular articles of diet; but for brevity we shall select those dates where symptoms or treatment varied.—7th. For several profusely in the night. Food, 15lb. 8oz., drink, 10lb. 8oz.—10th. On examining him minutely, we find he has gained flesh since admission, though still much emaciated. Food, 14lb. 12oz., drink, 12lb. Has had no perspiration since the night of the 7th.—15th. Food, 24lb. 12oz., drink, 12lb. 8oz.—22d. Food, 27lb. 2oz., drink, 11lb. He was put into the scale and found to weigh 165lb.—28th. Supply of animal food considered insufficient for his insatiable appetite. In addition to his mutton, beef, or other animal food, bullock's liver was procured, of which he devoured six pounds while the

† March 1. Published at Winchester by Robbins and Wheeler; London, Whittaker and Co.



*Mrs. Lushington's Journey from Calcutta to Europe.*

HAVING devoted our former paper to the particular adventures of our fair traveller, we must step back a little, for more general subjects, to Thebes, where Mrs. L. gives a curious history of mummy-hunting.

"I accepted the invitation of Signor Piccinini, a Lucchese, in the service of the Swedish Consul at Alexandria, who had resided about nine years at Thebes, to see the opening of a mummy, that I might myself take out the scarabæus, or any such sacred ornament as might be found in the coffin. The signior's dwelling was nothing more than a mud-hut on the hills of Gournoo. I ascended to the only apartment by a few steps; this room contained his couch, his arms, his wine, his few drawings, and all his worldly goods. The window-shutters,

cook was frying it. Vegetable diet ordered to be discontinued, as increasing the diabetic symptoms.—30th. His drink is ordered to be confined to one gallon of water mixed with two drachms of diluted sulphuric acid. Food totally animal.—Oct. 6th. Considerably better; complains of nausea at night. Food, 6lb. 8oz., drink, 12lb. 8oz.—7th. Weighed 106½lb. Opium increased to 6 grains quinine. He appears more lively and alert, and expresses himself better. Food (animal), 5lb. 12oz., drink (acidulated), 12lb. 4oz.—16th. Weighed, fasting, 99lb. Food, 7½lb., drink, 14lb.—20th. Food, 6lb. 8oz., drink, 10lb. 8oz.—24th. Weighed, after breakfast, 108lb. 32th. Food (animal), 5lb., drink, 10lb. 8oz.—31st. Though apparently stronger, his weight is but 96lb. Continue in diet and medicine as before.—Nov. 7th. Food, 5lb. 8oz., drink, 6lb. 4oz.—14th. Food, 5lb., drink, 9lb. 8oz.—17th. Complains of headache. Food, 7½lb., drink, 10lb. 8oz.—21st. Symptoms of drowsiness disappeared. Food, 5lb. 4oz., drink, 6lb. 8oz.—29th. Food, 3lb. 12oz., drink, 6lb. 4oz.—Dec. 2d. Increased in weight 2½lb., viz. 97½lb.—6th. Food, 4lb. 12oz., drink, 5lb. 12oz.—8th. Weighs 98½lb.—13th. Food, 4lb. 12oz., drink, 5lb. 12oz.—15th. Increased 1½lb. in weight.—20th. No alteration.—23d. Has lost 2½lb. in weight.—1827. Jan. 2d. He is found this day 6½lb. reduced in weight (91½lb.). Food, 4lb. 12oz., drink, 6lb. 10oz.—10th. Complains of drowsiness occasionally. Food, 3lb. 12oz., drink, 6lb. 15oz.—15th. Symptoms of pleurisy have supervened from exposure to cold on deck. The appetite is decreased.—20th. Symptoms grew daily worse, and on the 28th he died. The body weighed 91½lb. "It will not (continue the narrative of this extraordinary case) be improper to add his own statement previous to his coming to the Hulks, corroborated by the gaoler who accompanied him from Stafford, and some fellow-prisoners who knew him before conviction. He is a native of a small village near Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, and was commonly engaged in husbandry as a labourer. He was attacked, as he states, with fever and pain in the right side about five years ago, which confined him to bed six months, and incapacitated him from work for eighteen months longer. During his illness he was salivated, but does not recollect how long he was under the influence of ptyalism; and from the time of his convalescence he has had a ravenous appetite. About twelve months since, while in the service of a surgeon, he had severe pains in the head, for which he was bled. Many disgusting facts are related of this man's voracity, many even revolting to nature. He would pilfer all sort of food, clean or otherwise, even from the dunghill or hog-tub. He was once found making a luxurious repast on the carrion of a dead horse; nor would he quit this *bonne bouche* till compelled by blows. At another time he stole a sheep's head and pluck from a butcher's shop; and while the owner was pursuing him he contrived to eat the whole of it! The butcher, struck with the fact, and supposing hunger and want had induced the lad to commit the theft, took him charitably into his house, and supplied him with boiled and broiled mutton, till, astonished at the immense quantity he devoured, he at last drove him out, declaring to the crowd assembled on the occasion, that 'the chap would eat a whole sheep.' At the house of a reverend gentleman he devoured a very large turkey, besides bread, potatoes, and other vegetables. On another occasion he ate five pounds of fat bacon and forty-two pounds of potatoes in the space of ten hours. During his confinement in gaol for stealing a watch from one of the canal barges, for which offence he was afterwards transported, the surgeon ordered him three men's allowance; and one day while in the infirmary in the gaol, he consumed twenty-one pounds of bread and forty pints of water in six hours, as also the perings of thirty pounds of potatoes. Even while in the Convict Hospital ship, where ample allowance was made of good food, as per hospital journal, he would extinguish the light at night, and pilfer every mess which he had previously turned his eye on; and in the night of October 4 he stole a jar of snellits just put into salt, and ate the whole raw, weighing about six pounds. He had an extraordinary propensity to steal silks, not only articles of food, but even useless things; and after concealing them would vow and declare most strenuously he had never had them, or even seen them."

steps, and floor, were composed of mummy coffins, painted with hieroglyphical figures, perhaps four thousand years old; and it was curious to observe the profuse expenditure of materials to which I had been accustomed to attach ideas of value, from seeing them only in museums and collections of antiquities. I had accompanied Signor Piccinini with great glee, thinking what a fine thing it would be to tell my friends in England. What my notions of opening a mummy were I cannot define,—something, however, very classical and antique—certainly any thing but what it proved in reality. Half a dozen Arabs were standing around, panting under heat, dust, and fatigue. They had only just brought in their burthen, and were watching with eager look the examination of its contents, (their profits depending upon the value of the prize,) while the candles which they held to assist the search lighted up their anxious countenances. The outside case of the mummy was covered with hieroglyphics, and the inner one consisted of a figure as large as life, with the face and eyes painted like a mask. On lifting up this cover, nothing was seen but a mass of dark yellow cloth, which though it must have consisted of at least fifty folds, yielded like sand to the merciless hand of the operator, and the skeleton appeared to view. It was some time before I could recover from the horror with which the scene impressed me: I saw no more, but this little was sufficient to make me consider the employment as disgusting as that of a resurrection-man, and the manner of performing it not less unfeeling. It may be called the pursuit of science, but to me it appeared nothing more than rifling the dead for the sake of the trifling ornaments with which the corpse is generally buried. This, indeed, was the fact; for the moment it was ascertained that the mummy contained no ornament, the skeleton, together with the papyrus, on which were inscribed numerous distinct hieroglyphics, and the other materials, was cast forth as worthless rubbish. Sufficient papyrus and relics have been procured for the interests of science; and I think it would redound to the pasha's credit if he were to issue an edict, to clear his country from these mummy-scavengers. He had, indeed, ordered all the corpses to be reinterred; but, according to evident demonstration, this order was habitually disregarded. Scarabæi are scarce; a few were brought us by the Fellahs, while wandering about the ruins, though none of value. Ancient coins are procurable in abundance, but they were too numerous to prove curious, and they had certainly no beauty to attract us to be purchasers. Signor Piccinini had found on a mummy some bracelets, about an inch wide, of small coloured beads, which were remarkable, from resembling so much the fashion of the present day, yet, from the absence of all device, not nearly so pretty. The beads, which were of coral, cornelian, garnets, amethysts, and vitreous porcelain of a bright blue colour, were strung together, and separated at every inch by a gold wire, or link, to which they were attached, in order to keep the bracelets flat on the arm. The signior thought them very handsome; but they appeared to me of no value, except for their antiquity. During the many years he had resided at Thebes, he had only discovered one mummy likely to indemnify him for the labour of excavation. Passing through his miserable kitchen, the shelves of which were also made of ancient coffins, we entered a tomb, where lay the mummy in question, supposed to be that of a high priest. It was placed in a stone case, the lid of which

was removed, and enclosed in three coffins, each having a gilt mask at the upper end. The entire lid of the last coffin was also covered with gilding, in vivid preservation, and the body was wrapped in a garment curiously wrought with gold lace, and apparently of a tough texture. The whole figure seemed as fresh as if it had been prepared a few months before, but the envelopment remained unfolded. Signor Piccinini said he might obtain five hundred dollars for this mummy at Alexandria, but he considered it of such value, that he thought of taking it himself to Tuscany. Whether or not this appreciation was to excite the cupidity of purchasers, I pretend not to determine. The mountains in this neighbourhood, called Gournoo, have for centuries been the cemeteries for the dead; and notwithstanding the havoc which during some years has been made amongst them, their contents appear inexhaustible. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say, the mountains are merely roofs over the masses of mummies within them. The coffins serve as fire-wood to the whole neighbourhood: I saw nothing else burnt. At first I did not relish the idea of my dinner being dressed with this resurrection-wood, particularly as two or three of the coffin-lids, which, as I said before, were in the shape of human figures,—were usually to be seen standing upright against the tree under which the cook was performing his operations, staring with their large eyes as if in astonishment at the new world upon which they had opened. The coffins were usually made of sycamore wood, which may serve in some degree to account for the almost total extinction of that tree in Upper Egypt, that under which my tent was pitched being the only one in the neighbourhood. This extinction, perhaps, may also be explained by the increasing aridity of the soil. As numerous pits full of mummies have been discovered in the heart of the mountains, without coffins and merely embalmed, it may be inferred that these were the bodies of the poorer classes, who could not afford that expensive mode of interment."

Her remarks on Thebes, or rather on what was Thebes, are also very interesting.

"The soil of Egypt may truly be called luxuriant, and the surprising variety of the crops gave a pleasing novelty to our rides. Plains of the richest clover, in which the cattle revelled uncontrolled, besides fields of wheat, maize, beans of the sweetest scent, indigo, cotton, flax, (and I must not omit the blue lupine, which is here used as an article of food,) were to be seen extending in every direction. Still, amidst all this fruitfulness, I could not help remarking the loneliness of Thebes itself (if I may so denominate Carnac and Luxor), and how few animals and birds, pigeons alone excepted, broke the universal stillness. To my eye, accustomed to the swarming multitudes of Calcutta, the paucity of inhabitants here was very conspicuous. The absence, also, of all fishermen on the Nile was yet more remarkable. On the Ganges, hundreds of fishermen may be observed, and vessels are frequently obliged to alter their course, to avoid injuring the numerous nets; but at Thebes I never perceived any persons engaged in that employment; and the Nile flows silently and tranquilly along, undisturbed by a single boat. Meditating on this diversity, my imagination, rapidly passing over the occurrences of many weeks, transported me back to India, and forced upon me the contrast of Calcutta, the city of palaces, in the very pruriency of traffic and population, with the once magnificent Thebes, the city of a hundred gates,

devoid of inhabitants, without commerce, and lying waste, in all the desolation of ruined majesty."

At Cairo Mrs. L. visited many of "the lions," and her details respecting them are very entertaining; but we can afford room for but little more, and even that little must wait a week.

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Margaret Coryton.* By Leigh Cliffe, Esq., Author of "Parga," &c. 3 vols. London, 1829. R. and S. A. Belfield; Paris, Galig-nani.

WERE it not that 1829 is legibly impressed on the title-page, we should have thought some chance had placed before us one of those novels in which our grandmothers delighted; when a little scandal and a little personality supplied the place of any thing like merit. It is a meagre imitation of a school long out of date—that whose model was Surr's *Winter in London*; and, moreover, we cannot but think what little story there is, very objectionable in a moral point of view. The names of the Prince (now our king), Sheridan, Mara, and other characters, are given plainly and without disguise; while disreputable anecdotes are told of them.

*Leonora; or, the Presentation at Court: being the first of a Series of Tales called Young Ladies' Tales.* By the Author of "Private Education," &c. 2 vols. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

As Miss Appleton, Mrs. Lachlan has been a very valuable contributor to the juvenile library; and the little volumes now before us are among those we can cordially recommend. The story is very amusing, and the principles it inculcates such as should be deeply impressed on the minds of every young person. We know of no writer on or for education practically superior to this lady.

We regret that a notice of Sir Rufane Donkin's volume, containing a very curious investigation and theory of the northern course of the Niger, must be deferred till next week. Meanwhile we can only warmly recommend the work to all who are interested in the solution of this great geographical problem.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 17th May.

THE Tuilleries gardens are now in their full spring attire, and the *coup d'œil* of their luxuriant verdure and blossom, almost remunerates visitors for the noise, bustle, and ennui of this dusty city. On entering these courtly grounds it might seem as if we were suddenly transported into some enchanted region, were it not for the chattering, whistling, coughing, sneezing, and antic tricks of those beings said to be "little lower than the angels." At half-past four o'clock, the *comme-il-faut* world arrive; what a rush of transcendents inundate the beaux walks at this hour—strutting, bowing, bending, sliding, and twirling their canes! also ladies' crape bonnets, stiffened sleeves and flounces, are sacrificed without mercy to the flourishes of these—I suppose I must call them gentlemen. Those candidates for public admiration appear, however, to form a very just estimate of their intrinsic value; to exterior glitter they seem aware that they are alone indebted for the effect produced in *ecstasising* ladies; consequently gold chains, rings, brooches, and waistcoat-buttons of precious stones, are essential to their sweep; so that the daemons of high ton resemble so many pedlars, who sport their trinkets on their own persons.

Mr. Scribe has fallen into great disgrace with papas, mammas, guardians, uncles, and all wise people, since the representation of his "Suite," to the *mariage de raison*. But, *en revanche*, sentimental demoiselles have restored him to their good graces, and forgiven his former desertion of Cupid's cause.

A poet of some fame has announced his intention of publishing a dictionary of crime and virtue. This will be a really charitable work, for our poor consciences know not where to cast anchor in the present confusion of morals. It would be easier to decide on the colour of the chameleon, than to define what is *vice*—so varied are the opinions on this question: and (as one person is gibbeted for that for which another is honoured) it will be truly delightful to possess a little pocket manual to look into as temptation presents itself.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MAY 15.—This evening a practical discourse upon "Xylography," or engraving on wood, was delivered by Mr. Mason.

The discourse was divided into a variety of heads; viz. tools, wood, drawings, mode of engraving, white and black surfaces, tinting, ancient and present manner of holding the block, proofs, &c. &c. Of woods, the earlier artists used the apple, pear, beech, now only used by calico printers. As the arts improved, these soft woods were abandoned, and the box-tree of Turkey, brought to England, in blocks of two feet long, as ballast, on account of its superior texture and compactness, was adopted, and is now in general use amongst wood engravers. Mr. Mason next pointed out the great advantage the copper engraver possessed over the engraver on wood, as regarded his drawings; the former being enabled to present progressive proofs of his works, retaining his original drawing as a guide, unimpaired, till his work is completed; while, on the contrary, so fast as the workmanship of the wood engraver proceeded, so fast and as surely was his original cleared away. The tools also of the wood engraver were far more numerous than those of the engraver on copper, the former requiring eighteen, the latter only three! We pass over the merely mechanical parts of the art, which were practically illustrated by Mr. Mason before the audience. The mode of obtaining proofs of wood engravings, however, is simple, and a trial may be amusing. We describe the process:—A small block covered with silk, by repeated "dabbings," is made to take up a certain quantity of fine ink, previously spread on a polished surface of marble, &c.; the ink is transferred to the block by continued beating, till the raised parts are covered; a piece of Chinese paper is then laid over the inked surface; over this again is placed a bit of hot-presser's board, which is carefully rubbed over with a steel burnisher, or skewer; the pressure being regulated as required by the various parts. Mr. Mason illustrated his subject by a vast variety (almost to the confusing of himself) of rare and very old specimens of wood engravings, obtained from the libraries of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, Earl Spencer, Mr. Otley, the East India Company, and various others.

In the library of the Institution were a few beautiful specimens of crystals and vegetable alkali, together with works of literature and art.

##### COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

ON Monday evening we attended another meeting at the Hall of the College; Sir Henry Halford, Bart. presided. The first paper read was written by Dr. Turner; it was on what is called *metastasis* of diseases, illustrated by the transition of asthma into mania. Amongst the many cases related, the author mentioned one which had occurred in the practice of Sir Henry Halford and the late Dr. Bailey. These two eminent physicians had attended a lady in the year 1802, during the prevalence of the epidemic influenza, who laboured under severe asthma, which suddenly ceased, and was followed by an attack of derangement; this latter continued for some weeks, when it gave way to a return of the old complaint of difficulty of breathing.

Previous to the second paper being read, the President informed the assembly, that he had hoped to be able to lay before the meeting the report of the late fever at Gibraltar; but that government had not yet received it: Sir George Murray, however, had promised that as soon as it arrived it should be sent to the College.

The second paper read was entitled "Suggestions for preventing the spread of contagion at Gibraltar," by Mr. Jeffery, whose plans for making the new approaches to London Bridge, we believe, have been adopted by the government. It appears that the drains of Gibraltar, for want of a more adequate supply of water, are not sufficiently active to clear the town: to remedy his defect, the author proposes that a steam-engine of ten-horse power should be erected at Europa Point, by which the sea-water might be raised into a reservoir, whence it should be conveyed by pipes into the houses. New drains should also be made, and a portion of the fluid conveyed through the streets as surface-water. He further states, that the heat on the western side of the rock, where the town is situated, is so oppressive as to be scarcely tolerable; and that the guns on the batteries remain sensibly hot till three or four o'clock in the morning. Besides suggesting a plan for procuring water to an unlimited extent, Mr. Jeffery proposes that fresh air should be obtained by one or more galleries being cut in the rock, from east to west, so as to cause a proper ventilation, and thus convey to the parched inhabitants a refreshing breeze.

On the table lay a curious cast of the celebrated John Wilkes, taken immediately after his death.

##### MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 12th.—The president, the Right Hon. Earl Stanhope, in the chair.—Letters were read from their Royal Highnesses the Archduke Rudolf of Austria (Archbishop of Olmutz), and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, desiring their admission to the Society as honorary members. A splendid collection of dried plants indigenous to the Kingdom of Württemberg's dominions, presented by his majesty the King of Württemberg; a collection of nearly 400 packages of seeds of the medicinal plants of the Brazils, presented by Lord Viscount Strangford; the eleventh volume of the Transactions of the Horticultural Society of Berlin; and several other valuable donations, were enumerated by the assistant secretary.—Sir F. Baker and Mr. W. Marsden were elected Fellows.

Mr. Barbour, the American minister, stated, that he had written to the steward of his estates in N. America, for a plant used by his tenants as a general nostrum in the cure of diseases. Mr. Barbour assured the Society, that he would take every opportunity of being the organ of



communication between it and the learned men of his country, and thereby promote a science which his usual avocations had not permitted him to study with that attention which such pursuits demanded.

Dr. Sigmond delivered some very interesting observations on the science of toxicology.

#### LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 4th. Edward Wright, M.D., V.P., in the chair.—Dr. Epps called the attention of the Society to a pamphlet,\* read before the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, by their President, Thomas Stone, Esq., entitled, "Observations on the Phrenological Development of Burke, Hare, and other atrocious Murderers." The doctor pointed out numerous errors into which, he alleged, the author had fallen, from his ignorance of the subject; and maintained that he had not adduced a single fact in opposition to the science of phrenology. Mons. P. H. T. Baume, an eccentric Frenchman, who styles himself the *Reforming Optimist*, presented a cast of his own head. An original mask of Mr. John Wilkes was presented by Mr. Behnes.

#### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

APRIL 28th.—Mr. Jopling presented a specimen of brick, of a handsome stone colour, and possessing the requisite qualities of hardness, weight, and sound texture; with a letter from Sir Claude Scott, descriptive of the strata in which this excellent material has been discovered. Mr. James Walker enumerated several valuable facts, obtained in a course of experiments on stone rail-ways. The granite wheel-track, when well constructed and free from dust, is found to possess advantages similar to those of iron edge-rails; the superior hardness of the latter being compensated by the *vis inertia* of material, and the increased diameter of wheels in the former. Mr. Frost described the results to his researches on the comparative resistance to abrasion, exhibited by various minerals: this quality is possessed by flint† in a degree superior to that of granite or rock-crystal.

May 5th.—Mr. Walker's interesting paper was the subject of an animated discussion. Mr. Mills compared the calculations advanced on stone rail-ways with his observations during a late survey of the Liverpool edge-rail road, and contended that the expense of constant repair must eventually decide the comparison in favour of iron. Mr. Jardin mentioned various trials of wheel-tracks, both of iron and stone, on public roads. Iron plates, diagonally grooved, he considered preferable, in some instances, as the stone-tracks had not lasted three years. Mr. Walker mentioned the prices of the materials on the Commercial Road; to which he has lately devoted considerable attention; and, in conclusion, adduced numerous instances of the durability of good paving-stones.

Dr. Pearson, an honorary member, on his introduction to the Institution, presented his new treatise on Astronomy.

#### FERNANDO PO.

The latest arrival from this new settlement in the *Bight of Biafra*, on the western coast of

\* We have this pamphlet before us, and entertain an opinion of it widely different from Dr. Epps; but as we intend to make it and another clever satirical publication (*Travels in Phrenologia*, 8vo. Saunders and Otley), the subject of a separate paper on Phrenology, we shall not at present say more.—Ed. L. G.

† The roads around London are testimonials that mere friction without momentum is implied.

Africa, informs us that a great number of mechanics had lately arrived, with other settlers, from Sierra Leone, together with a quantity of building materials. A number of the Native Regiment had also arrived, and were garrisoned on the outskirts of the town, where their services had already proved a valuable acquisition to the labourers employed in building and clearing away the trees and vegetation, in shielding them from the annoyance of innumerable bodies of natives. The king had not yet returned from the mountain, whither he had gone and had secreted himself, with a Spaniard and a number of his subjects, soon after the landing of Captain Owen. The natives were providing themselves with spears and other warlike implements, by means of bartering their fine growth of yams for pieces of iron hoops.—They are a treacherous set, and are most likely only waiting for an opportunity to make a bold incursion. Much praise appears to be due to that indefatigable officer, Captain Owen, governor and commander on the first and favourable formation of this settlement, for his endeavour to establish civilisation and the most friendly disposition among the natives and the new settlers; for his strict attention to the welfare of those under his command, and for the generous feeling of humanity evinced in the capture of so many slave-vessels, the cargoes of which have been sent to Sierra Leone for adjudication, after which they are received at the new settlement, and kindly treated. The Europeans were greatly annoyed by the sting of a species of fly which infested the island; and several, through sickness, had been invalidated home. The seamen were not allowed to land without a sufficient clothing, and the Arab fashion had again been introduced (as upon Captain Owen's late survey of Africa), and the beard and mustachio had already grown to an enormous length, which, when washed, tends greatly to refresh and keep cool the *upper story* for the remainder of the day. It is generally thought that this settlement will not answer present expectation, especially while the Portuguese government have so extensive a slave-factory (in St. Paul de Leondo) a few degrees southward. However, we have reason to believe that a fuller explanation will shortly be published of this interesting part of Africa, by one of the officers belonging to the squadron, together with other interesting parts of the eastern and of the western coast of Africa, from the Persian Gulf to the River Gambia, collected during the late nautical survey, and now nearly brought to a close.

#### NEW PROJECT.

AMONG the plans consequent upon the Strand improvements, we have before us that of a Society for erecting and maintaining a considerable building in the metropolis, for the meetings of Religious, Charitable, and Scientific Institutions. At the head of this is Sir T. Baring, and we remark the names of many influential noblemen and gentlemen in the list of thirty vice-presidents and directors. The site obtained is in the Strand, between Burleigh Street (at the end of Exeter 'Change) and a new street which is to run towards the north, on the city side of Southampton Street; so that the Institution will have all the advantages of a central and convenient position. On looking at the plan, we observe that the entrance to the hall is by a grand staircase, between two houses which front the Strand; for the building itself is behind these, with an open area to divide them. The frontage appears to be about 110

feet. The ground floor occupied by offices, committee rooms, a secondary room for smaller meetings (58 feet by 31 feet 6 inches), and a coffee-room (46 by 26). Above, if we understand the plan correctly, is the principal room for numerous assemblages (136 by 76), and other apartments.

Approving very highly as we do of this design, and considering it likely to be very useful to the multitude of societies which exist without a local habitation in our immense metropolis, we rejoice to learn that no fewer than fourteen religious institutions are already connected with it, and that the fifty pounds shares are going off rapidly.

#### THE INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON NATIONAL CHARACTER.

[An oration pronounced by Professor Schouw, at the solemn opening of the Winter Session, 1838-39, of the University of Copenhagen.]

In order to eradicate the common error, which induces us to consider nature as the almost exclusive modeller of the character of nations, it is of paramount importance we should carefully keep in view, that even in the physical world, however obvious an influence they may produce, the climate, soil, and natural constitution of a country, are by no means capable of explaining all the appearances which will claim the inquirer's attention. This observation applies with peculiar force to the distribution of the various families of the vegetable and animal kingdoms over the surface of the earth. It is impossible to explain on such a datum, why England and Van Diemen's Land, though similarly circumstanced as to climate, should differ so widely in respect of their animal and vegetable productions; or why the Flora of southern Africa should possess so distinct a character from that of the northern parts of the African continent, or the flowers of New Holland be so essentially peculiar to its own soil. Much less will climate or soil enable us to account for the corporeal distinctions which characterise the several races or families of mankind. We know it is customary to ascribe the dark complexion of the negro to the extraordinary heat of the solar ray in his native clime; but do not the olive-coloured Hindoo and the fairer-complexioned tenant of the isles of the South Seas inhabit similar latitudes? or does the negro's skin become less sable when exposed to the less scorching skies of Jamaica or the Floridas? Though surrounded by the same meteorological circumstances, there is a striking dissimilarity in the complexional characteristics of the European, the Asiatic, and the aboriginal Indian of North America: the natives of Greenland and Lapland possess a darker skin than their European brethren, and the inhabitant of Van Diemen's Land, though living beneath a temperate sky, is of a complexion not far removed from black. We shall find ourselves at a similar loss in the attempt to deduce other variations from the customary premises to which I have alluded: the woolly locks of the negro, the lofty stature of the Patagonian, the slender frame of the Papu, or the little twinkling eye of the Chinese, can in nowise be charged to the account of the climate, or referred to the nature of the soil. If we follow up the influence of physical causes on isolated individuals, we shall find ourselves equally sinning against every rational assumption, should we venture to deduce the mental attributes of any one human race from such causes. In the same country, in the same spot, nay, under the same roof, we meet with individuals entirely differing from each other in their intellectual features; but it would be

ridiculous to ascribe the dissimilitude to the effects of climate, food, or beverage. Intellect does not resemble the anana; it can neither be nurtured nor called into existence by artificial heat.

In looking at the characteristics of nations, it is impossible not to observe the marked shades of diversity which sever one people from another, even where the climate is precisely similar, or not essentially different. The Europeans cultivate the soil, dwell in towns, live under regular forms of government, and, in general, are devoted to the arts and sciences; whereas most of the Asiatic regions, where the circumstances of climate are similar, are tenanted by nomadic tribes, who derive their livelihood from rearing cattle, are entire strangers to social polity, and have no conception of a more advanced state of civilisation; whilst the aborigines of North America are untutored savages, wandering from spot to spot, from wood to plain. The feeble, peaceable, thrifty Hindoo lives beneath a climate scarcely differing from that which is breathed by the athletic, fierce, and lazy negro, or the miserable indigenes of South America, whose wild exterior and uncouth gestures excite both pity and aversion. The Chinese are, in every respect, strikingly dissimilar from any other nation surrounded by the same natural circumstances; and the proud and ingenious Briton possesses few characteristics in common with the poor, timid inhabitant of Van Diemen's Land. We find the most discordant masses intermixed and living together under the same sky; in the innermost parts of Africa the Arabian dwelling with the negro, and far surpassing the latter in every mental endowment; in its southern districts, the Caffre hording with the Hottentot, with whom he has no earthly similitude; and towards the northernmost confines of Scandinavia, the Laplander hutting with the Swede and Norwegian.

If we weigh the effect of physical circumstances, to which is usually attributed the formation of national character, it will be found to depend neither necessarily nor demonstrably upon the influences ascribed to them: on the contrary, we shall frequently find the closest affinity of character existing where those circumstances wear the most widely diverse of aspects. A clear atmosphere is held to foster gentleness of manners, and give vitality to art and science; and Greece and Italy are cited in proof of the justness of this inference. The surface of the globe, however, will shew us many a country where the atmosphere is more rarefied than in those regions; and such are the islands of the South Seas, or the elevated plains of Peru, Quito, or Mexico: yet in these, where shall we discover the manners and intellectual energy of the olden Greeks? Whilst under the dense and humid sky of England, man has reached a state of intellectual advancement to which few other nations have attained. Again; large rivers are esteemed conducive to the interchange of social relations, and, consequently, to human civilisation; and the proofs of this argument are drawn from the Nile and the Indus. Now, the largest streams which exist are those of South America, along whose banks the uncivilised Indian toils for a bare and miserable existence; whilst the Dane, who is scarcely inferior to the most intelligent of his contemporaries, trends a soil unfertilised by a single stream. The Mediterranean is brought forward to exhibit the propitious influence attending large masses of water encompassed by land; yet where shall we discover the minutest traces

of civilisation along the capacious lakes of North America, around the Caspian, or among the numberless thickly-studded isles of the Indian seas? The coasts of the Cattegat, where social intercourse is impeded by storms, and sand-banks, and floating fields of ice, are ennobled by those civil institutions and mental energies, which will be sought after in vain among the islands of that ocean, on which the name of "the Pacific" has been appropriately bestowed.

The slender influence derivable from climate will become still more apparent, when it is recollected, that nations which have abandoned their native soil, and sought a home under stranger skies, have undergone no change whatever in their character. Among the colonists who have settled in the interior of the colony at the Cape of Good Hope, there is no difficulty in recognising the Dutchman; yet his dwelling stands upon an elevated plain, which is celebrated for the dryness of its soil and atmosphere, whilst his ancestors toiled in a land, damp as it was flat and low, and enveloped in a dense atmosphere of fog. In India we shall find as little difficulty in detecting the Englishman, as the Spaniard in South America, or the descendant of the Gaul and Briton in the Canadas or United States; whilst the Jews, dispersed over the face of every nation, and scattered beneath every various sky, afford an interesting proof, that the peculiar characteristics of an individual race may be faithfully retained under the most striking dissimilarities of physical circumstances.

The lapse of time will be frequently marked by a deterioration in the national character, though soil and climate remain unchanged. In vain should we seek to discover, among the Greeks of the present day, those traits of character and expressions of intellectual greatness which distinguished their forefathers in the hour of their noblest splendour; and yet the Grecian sky is not less translucent, nor its atmosphere less kindly, than they were in former ages; and if ever this unfortunate race should succeed in raising themselves from their present low estate, one circumstance, at least, is placed beyond a doubt,—they will not owe their elevation to any revolution of their climate. The Scandinavian sky has undergone little or no alteration, yet the Scandinavian himself has risen from the depths of barbarism to a state of civilised prosperity.

Let it not be imagined that we are inclined altogether to deny the influence of climate, and other physical causes. There are regions where these operate with so sinister an effect, that the inhabitants, though incessantly contending against them, are incapacitated from attaining any eminent degree of mental refinement: and such must be the event, where the climate is overcharged with cold or heat, or where the atmosphere is loaded with unwholesome vapours. The Icelanders afford, however, a signal instance of the extent to which the inward powers of man are capable of overcoming such obstacles as these.

The effects of what are termed "moral causes" on national character are beyond the limits of the present discourse: yet we cannot refrain from observing, that in this particular, also, too great a stress has been laid upon isolated appearances. One party will profess to resolve such effects into the influence of legislation and political institutions; another will refer them to that of education; and a third, to the impulses of religion. All these causes are undoubtedly co-operative; nay, they are far more influential than any physical im-

pulses; yet are they of trivial moment, when placed by the side of those powerful agents which exist in the innate qualities of the human mind: for what are called "moral causes" are usually the immediate results of national character; and on this principle, despotism is the consequence of popular depravity and servility.

Under every view of the subject, we are warranted, therefore, in assuming, that God has endued every nation, as well as every single individual, with a peculiar character, the expansion of which is favoured or retarded by external circumstances, though it can never become the subject of direct and unerring calculation.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 30th. — A paper was read, entitled "On the respiration of birds," by Messrs. W. Allen and W. Hasledine Pepys, F.R.S.

The inquiries of the authors on human respiration, and on that of the Guinea pig, and of which they communicated the details to the Royal Society in former papers, are here extended to the respiration of birds. Pigeons were the subjects of these experiments, and the same apparatus was employed as the one used for the Guinea pig, described in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1809.

The object of the first experiment was to ascertain the changes which take place in atmospheric air when breathed by a bird in the most natural manner. For this purpose a pigeon was placed in a glass vessel, containing about 62 cubic inches of air, and communicating with two gasometers, one of which supplied from time to time fresh quantities of air, and the other received portions which become vitiated by respiration. The experiment lasted 69 minutes, and was productive of no injury to the bird except a slight appearance of uneasiness whenever the supply of air was not sufficiently rapid. On examining the air at the end of the experiment, no alteration had taken place either in the total volume of air or the proportion of azote which it contained; the only perceptible change being the substitution of a certain quantity of carbonic acid for an equal volume of oxygen gas, amounting to about half a cubic inch per minute, and being equivalent to the addition of 96 grains of carbon in twenty-four hours.

Two experiments were made on the respiration of oxygen gas, obtained from chlorate of potash, and containing in the one case two, and in the other only one, per cent of azote. Under these circumstances, it was found that the volume of the gas was unaltered, and that a similar quantity of oxygen gas had been abstracted, but that a much smaller quantity of carbonic acid had been formed than in the last experiment, the remaining portion being made up by azotic gas which had been given out from the lungs of the bird, and the volume of which was just equal to that of the oxygen absorbed. The bird was somewhat disturbed during the experiment, but recovered immediately and perfectly on being released from its confinement.

In the fourth experiment, in which a pigeon was made to respire a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen with a small proportion of azote (the oxygen being in the same proportion as in common air), it was found that there was no loss of oxygen; but that a quantity of hydrogen disappeared, and was replaced by an equal volume of azote. The authors observe, that birds have a quicker circulation of blood than

other animals; and also, that they are more sensible to the stimulating effects of oxygen.

April 21. The President in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled "on the action of grooved surfaces on light;" by Dr. Brewster, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. The Rev. James Farquharson and George Douglas, Esq., were proposed as Fellows. The presents consisted chiefly of Professor Plana's Observations made at the Royal Observatory at Turin, together with several other mathematical treatises by the same author, and Dr. John Johnstone's Medical Essays.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

In a late No. we promised an outline of Dr. Nolan's able paper on the use of ancient cycles; and we only regret that it must, of necessity, be so short and imperfect.

The writer begins the introductory part of his memoir by stating that the ancient cycles all refer to a common principle, founded on periodical revolutions, by which all nations that have left historical records have marked the progress of time; by proving the antiquity, and tracing the connexion of the cycles, with reference to which principle, the main differences of chronologists may be adjusted.

An objection against the antiquity of the cycles, by the learned Dodwell, from the supposed necessity of a previous knowledge of astronomy among those nations by whom they were made use of, is answered by shewing that the knowledge of the heavenly bodies required to fix those periods was no more than ordinary observers might acquire. The cycles are coeval with the earliest celebrations of the religion of the classical notions of antiquity; the calculation of them depended rather upon their superstitions than their science. Those divisions of time which were adopted in civil affairs were derived from the national worship, and were regulated by the hierarchy. In contravention of some objections of Allin and Des Vignolles, it is shewn that the ancients, besides the public or civil year, had one which was secret or ecclesiastical; and that while the former contained only 360 days, the latter agreed in length with the Julian or bissextile. It is this secret year of the ancients, or our Julian year, which is taken as the standard of time in the present memoir.

Our first inquiries are directed to those times which form the earliest subject of historical record, beginning with the patriarchal ages.

The epoch determined by the authority of an ancient tradition, for the commencement of the earliest cycles, is A.M. 271; which, reduced to the Julian period, presents, as a corresponding elementary date, the year 981. But the period thus obtained, though preserved by a Greek tradition, when it is reduced to the chronological system of the writers of that nation, relinquishes its elementary characters. It possesses inherently superior advantages to the arbitrary epoch devised by the Talmudists, corresponding with 953 of the Julian period; while the epoch of the Samaritan chronology, whose scriptural dates have caused one of the great schisms in the science, is altogether destitute of those qualities which are required to form an elementary date.

In proceeding to apply the ancient cycles to the practical purposes of chronology, we are first directed to the *semitah*, or sabbatical cycles. That this period was observed in the patriarchal ages, is a supposition which alone furnishes a solution to several anomalies in the Jewish mode of reckoning time; and in par-

ticular the fact is traced in the uniform choice of the return of a sabbatical year for the periods of the highest solemnities of religion, such as the erection and dedication of altars. Having illustrated this circumstance by three tables, each containing six examples of the most remarkable incidents in patriarchal history, arranged according to the systems of the most celebrated chronologists, and having gone into a variety of further details in this division of his subject, the writer concludes, that in the portion of chronology which embraces the patriarchal times, the evidence of an early cycle in the sabbatical period is fully established; and that it forms an adequate instrument for deciding the points contested by chronologists. The great planetary year, from which the preceding inquiries are deduced, affords likewise the best introduction to the chronology of the Chaldees. That system is founded on a grand planetary cycle, including a period when the great conjunctions of the planets returned, associated in Chaldaic tradition with a time when the frame of the universe had suffered a violent derangement, and with an early prediction which foretold its destruction, as the effect of a similar planetary conjunction, introductory to a great restitution of nature. This great cycle is stated by Berossus to consist of 120 *sari* (an ambiguous and disputed term, shewn to have been twelve years); it therefore included 1440 years.

This calculation agrees with the explanation of Scaliger, who considers the great year of the Chaldees as the product of the genethliacal period of twelve years; and the *saeculum*, or age of 120 years, given on the authority of Moses, as the time from which the epoch of the Chaldeans is deduced. Hence their great year becomes identified with the "*magnus saeculorum ordo*" of the sibyl in Virgil's fourth eclogue, where the poet evidently is referring to oriental notions, and where each *saeculum* is considered as a great month; now twelve months of 120 years are equivalent to 1440 years.

The writer then proceeds to the consideration of the proper epochs of the Assyrian chronology, in the period subsequent to the Deluge. Having exhibited these in a comparative table, expressing the dates which are assigned them in the schemes of the three great chronologists in whose works his principles are verified, he applies the test by which the respective merits of their systems may be determined; and the process ends in establishing the superiority of the scheme adopted by Scaliger. As the earliest epochs in the Assyrian chronology were determined on arbitrary and theoretical principles, and as the later epochs which mark the great revolutions in the history of that ancient people were effected through astrological phenomena,—the connexion became established between the system of their chronology and the scientific principle which the writer suggests for adjusting its contradictions. From the precise concurrence of those epochs in the system of that great chronologist who was the founder of the science, with the returns of the earliest cycles, particularly of the sabbatical period used by the Hebrews, and of the genethliacal period employed by the Chaldees, the writer deduces a conclusion in favour of the system of Assyrian chronology proposed by Scaliger, as contrasted with that suggested by Usher or Des Vignolles, and his followers the Benedictines.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

MAY 16th.—Sir George Staunton, Bart. vice-president, in the chair. Monsieur Théologue, a foreign member of the Society, read a paper, in French, on the Mewlevis, or dancing dervishes of the East. The communication comprises many very curious details of the peculiarities belonging to this singular sect of men; they are Mahomedans, but when in the company of Christians do not scruple to eat and drink meats and liquors forbidden by the Koran,—particularly wine, of which they are loud in their praises. The Lord Bishop of Calcutta, Colonel D. Broughton, and A. Leslie, Esq., were elected members; Colonel Vans Kennedy was proposed, and being a member of the Bombay branch of the Society, was immediately ballotted for, and elected a non-resident member. A splendid list of donations was read; it embraced a MS. copy of the Russian translation of Vachtang's Collection of Georgian Laws; and a Russian translation of the Chinese Code of Laws for Mongolia, presented by the imperial government, department of foreign affairs, through his Excellency the Prince de Lieven; also Dr. Buckland's Account of the Fossil Remains brought from Ava by Mr. Crawford; and others from Professor Newmann, Baron Schilling, Dr. Mall, Lieut. Alexander, &c. &c.

The chairman intimated that the anniversary of the Oriental Translation Fund would take place on the 30th instant, and that his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex would preside.

#### KING'S COLLEGE.

We have been accustomed anxiously to watch the progress of education in this country, as well as amongst our continental neighbours; and we have seen, with deep regret, that the struggle to accomplish mere intellectual proficiency has been gradually abstracting men's minds and attention from the accomplishment of that higher, nobler, and, in every sense, more indispensable task—the cultivation of the heart. In a Christian, and, above all, in a Protestant country like ours, we therefore hail with grateful cordiality every attempt to restore to education that legitimate character by which alone it is possible to render individual integrity the means and corner-stone of national happiness. Out of this feeling has arisen our frequent advocacy of the present Institution; and out of this feeling springs the gratification with which we briefly record the result of the general meeting of its founders, held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Saturday last, the 16th inst.

We shall first observe, that if the stamp of example were requisite to recommend the cause of the College to the support of our fellow-countrymen, the following nomenclature of a few of the good and great who took part in this meeting would be sufficient to establish its claims to their munificence. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided over its proceedings as visitor; and was supported by the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of London, Durham, Winchester, Chester, Salisbury, Bath and Wells, Lichfield, Bristol, Landaff, &c.; the Marquesses of Bute and Camden; the Earls of Abingdon, Dartmouth, and Brownlow; the Lords Selsey, Rolle, and Bexley; Archdeacons Cambridge and Pott; the Dean of Peterborough; Sirs C. Price, R. H. Inglis, M.P., T. D. Acland, M.P., H. Martin, C. Forbes, M.P., and W. Blizard; Hon. H. Eden, M.P., J. Capel, M.P., T. G. Estcourt, M.P.; the Rev. Dr. D'Oyly, Dr. G. Shep-



herd, Dr. Yates; Messrs. Joshua Watson, W. Cotton, W. Sotheby, B. C. Brodie, J. D. Powles, John Atkins, M.P., Rev. J. Lonsdale, J. H. Markland, &c.

The business of the day was opened by the reading of a summary of the proceedings of the provisional committee. As the contents of this report are fully before the public, we shall confine ourselves to an enumeration of the subjects to which it referred. The first of these was—the amount of the funds contributed, 126,974l. 3s. 6d.; 2. The grant, from his Majesty's government, of ground on the eastern side of Somerset House; 3d. The preparation, by Mr. Smirke (the architect), of the ground plans,—which include a chapel and public hall, library and museum, ten lecture-rooms, house for the principal, apartments for the professors, &c.; 4th. Institution of two departments for senior and junior students; 5th. Residence of students in the houses of tutors, and subject to a prescribed course of discipline; 6th. Grant of a charter of incorporation to the College, “as a seminary of sound learning and religious education, according to the doctrines of the united Church of England and Ireland;” 7th. Outline of regulations; 8th. Approximate estimate of outlay to complete the College to its fullest extent, 170,000l. independently of books, apparatus, &c.; but until the raising of an amount adequate to accomplish the whole design, the expenditure will be limited to the actual means at command; and, 9th. An appeal to the public, which the committee close in terms expressive of their firm persuasion, “that the friends of a sound education, on the principles of the Church of England, will continue their most zealous exertions in promoting a work which will secure to the rising generation in this metropolis and its vicinity the benefits of an *economical, a scientific, and a religious* course of instruction.”

It is impossible for us, consistently with our limits, to attempt even a sketch of the eloquent and argumentative addresses with which the Bishops of Durham, Lincoln, and London, supported resolutions approving the proceedings of the committee, and recommending the Institution to the continued exertions and liberality of its friends. The Marquess Camden, Lord Bexley, and Sir R. H. Inglis, made similar appeals to a very numerous audience, amongst whom one general feeling of satisfaction was openly and repeatedly manifested.

Several additional donations and subscriptions were made at the close of the meeting.

#### PSEUDOMENOS.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—Having, in your *Gazette* of the 7th February, published a solution of the Grecian Dilemma, I shall endeavour, in this second letter, to solve a difficulty not less known—namely, *Pseudomenos*. Various authors have, more or less clearly, described this celebrated puzzle; but as the account given by Beattie in his *Essay on Truth* is both clear and concise, it shall here be quoted.

“There was a famous problem among the Stoics, called the *Pseudomenos*, which was to this purpose: ‘When a man says, “I lie,” does he lie, or does he not? If he lies, he speaks truth; if he speaks truth, he lies.’ Many were the books that their philosophers wrote in order to solve this problem. Chrysippus favoured the world with no fewer than six; and Philotas studied himself to death in his attempts to solve it.”

Beattie leaves *Pseudomenos* exactly as he found it, not even attempting a solution. Nor am I aware that a solution has been given by any other author.

*Pseudomenos*, it is clear, involves a contradiction; making the proposition, “I lie,” both false and true. The knot of the question hinges on this—that the proposition “I lie” contains two declarations—i.e. the declaration described as well as the declaration describing; which declarations destroy each other. “I lie”: if the declaration described is false, the declaration describing is true; if the declaration described is true, the declaration describing is false. The knot of the question, I repeat,

hinges on this—that these two contradictory declarations are contained in the proposition “I lie,” which proposition is therefore contradictory. Now, the difficulty will be solved, if it be shown that these two declarations cannot be contained in one proposition, but necessarily imply two propositions—i.e. an anterior and a posterior:—that in saying “I lie,” the speaker must describe a former proposition of his—that two propositions are concerned necessarily, a past and a present; the declaration described being the proposition past, and the declaration describing, i.e. “I lie,” being the proposition present.

As there are two propositions standing to each other in the relation of correlatives, we shall perhaps throw light on the subject by stating them in juxtaposition. 1. “I lie—i.e. I speak falsely, i.e. I make a false proposition.” 2. “I speak truth—i.e. I speak truly, i.e. I make a true proposition.” The first serves to form *Pseudomenos*, by appearing to involve a contradiction; the second can serve no such purpose, involving no contradiction even in appearance. “I speak falsely”: if one speaks falsely, one speaks truly; if one speaks truly, one speaks falsely; if one speaks falsely, one speaks truly. Both propositions, however, equally suppose a prior proposition, which they describe. In the second case, as in the first, two propositions are concerned necessarily, a past and a present; the declaration described being the proposition past, and the declaration describing, i.e. “I speak truth,” being the proposition present.

The argument proving that each of the two correlative propositions supposes a prior proposition, is this—if a prior proposition be not supposed, a proposition exists ere it exists—which is absurd. “I lie—i.e. I speak falsely, i.e. I make a false proposition.” I here describe a proposition of mine as false. “I speak truth—i.e. I speak truly, i.e. I make a true proposition.” I here describe a proposition of mine as true. If the proposition described be the same as the proposition describing, it existed ere it existed; for it existed ere it was described, and yet it existed not till it was described. 1. It existed ere it was described. A nothing, a nonentity, cannot be described. If you describe, you describe a something; and a something implies existence. You make a description about something—and yet that something did not exist ere the description was made—that cannot be. If the something described did not exist till the description was made, about what was the description? about nothing! The object of a description must be antecedent to the description. 2. It existed not till it was described. It existed not till the proposition describing, i.e. the description, existed; and the proposition describing, i.e. the description, did not exist till it did exist. Thus, as the proposition described, its existence was prior to its description; while as the proposition describing, its existence was coeval with its description. This being absurd, it follows that the proposition described cannot be the same as the proposition describing, but is necessarily a prior proposition. A proposition cannot describe itself. If it could, its existence would be both prior to, and coeval with, its description: prior to, as the proposition described; coeval with, as the proposition describing. And if a proposition cannot describe itself, it must describe another proposition. Thus, each of the two correlative propositions supposes a prior proposition.

Two things may be here briefly noticed: 1. *Pseudomenos* is not confined to the words “I lie;” other words producing a similar result. For instance: instead of the proposition “I lie,” let us take the proposition “I speak ill;” and we shall have the same contradictory appearance. When a man says—“I speak ill,” does he speak ill, or does he not? If he speaks ill, he speaks well; if he speaks well, he speaks ill. 2. We should perhaps see the nature of *Pseudomenos* more clearly, by considering judgments instead of propositions; judgments implying ideas only, and propositions implying ideas and words. When a man forms the judgment expressed by this proposition—“I think incorrectly,” does he think incorrectly, or does he not? If he thinks incorrectly, he thinks correctly; if he thinks correctly, he thinks incorrectly. The solution given in the case of propositions is equally good in the case of judgments.

Having thus given my solution of *Pseudomenos*, I will thank you to publish it in your *Gazette*. I am, sir, &c.  
13, New End, Hampstead, JOHN ROGERS.  
Feb. 14, 1829.

#### FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.  
(Third Notice.)

No. 166. *The Morning after a Storm*. W. Collins, R.A.—Who that looks upon this picture of separating clouds, and upon the wide expanse of ocean over which they are closely hovering, but must be conscious that the demon of destruction has been making clear work of it? The telescope, elevated to the eye of the experienced mariner, “gives no sign;” and the straining gaze of the sad and anxious female at his side in vain seeks for some faint indications on which to found hope. It is cheering to pass from this scene of gloom and apprehension, to the exquisite little groups of peaceful innocence and happiness executed

by Mr. Collins, in the finest style of his true and skilful pencil.—No. 103, *Scene in a Kentish Hop-Garden*, and No. 116, *Fisher Children*.

No. 134. *Sir Roger de Coverley and the Gipsies*. C. R. Leslie, R.A.—Gipsies and a green lane are of themselves sufficient materials for a painter; but when the well-remembered and favourite character of Addison is added to the pictorial drama, it would have been strange if, in the hands of so skilful an artist as Mr. Leslie, the result had not been what it is—highly attractive.

Our readers will begin to suppose that we have forgot there are portraits in the great and other rooms of the Royal Academy, and portraits of high character and interest. First in the rank of the subject, and in the talent of the artist, is

No. 57. *Portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence*. Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.—The same manly plainness and unaffected simplicity pervade this fine whole-length, as are to be found in the President's portrait, recently engraved, of our most gracious Sovereign. Easy, yet dignified, the gentleman and the prince are seen throughout.

No. 102. *Portrait of the Duchess of Richmond*. Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.—Manifestly resembling some of the portraits by Vandike; and to what better source can an artist resort for hints to aid him in his own productions? There are few, however, who can avail themselves with so much judgment and success of the works of others. In the hands of an ordinary painter such assistance too frequently serves only to shew more distinctly the mediocrity of his powers; in the hands of such an artist as Sir Thomas Lawrence, whatever is derived from the great masters, blends and assimilates with what his kindred genius perceives in nature; and the result is a graceful and harmonious whole.

No. 103. *Portrait of the Marchioness of Salisbury*. Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.—Here we recognise only the taste and character of Sir Thomas's own pencil; with perhaps a little too much of its occasional glitter.

No. 143. *Portrait of Thomas Stothard, Esq.* R.A. J. Jackson, Esq. R.A.—We own that we do not greatly admire the view which Mr. Jackson has taken of this “time-honoured” artist. The portrait of him by Harlowe, and still more the bust of him by Baily, give an elevated but just idea of his latent genius. This portrait shews us the shell indeed; but where is the kernel? Nevertheless, no one who knows Mr. Stothard can mistake it; and in point of execution it is an excellent work of art.

No. 122. *Portrait of Mrs. Vernon Smith*. J. Jackson, R.A.—We have sometimes heard Mr. Jackson's talents for female portraiture doubted. This charming head must surely set that question at rest.

No. 127. *Portrait of Jeremy Bentham*. H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.—Whatever differences of opinion may exist with respect to Mr. Bentham's political theories, whoever reads his works must acknowledge that he is no common man. A similar conviction must strike every one, however unacquainted with the original, who looks at the venerable figure which Mr. Pickersgill has here so ably and happily depicted.

No. 47. *Portrait of Sir Thomas Strange, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Madras*. Painted for Christ Church College, Oxford. M. A. Shee, R.A.—It is fortunate for the painter of portraits when the cha-

acter and costume of his subject give him an opportunity of displaying his talents and taste. Mr. Shee has availed himself admirably of these advantages in the fine picture under our consideration; and has produced that which, independently of its resemblance, is valuable and interesting simply as a work of art. Nor are Mr. Shee's powers less conspicuous in several of his other portraits in the present Exhibition.

No. 43. *The Lady in St. Swithin's Chair.* From the first volume of *Waverley*. Sir W. Beechey, R.A.—Finely imagined and vigorously painted.

No. 100. *Portrait of Mr. Pratt.* E. Coleman.—A favourable specimen of the talents of a rising young artist.

No. 70. *Rebecca, a Study.* H. Howard, R.A.—Every well-painted picture must be a study, and this is one. It is a beautiful and highly-wrought production, and is evidently a close and careful imitation of the model in all its parts. Mr. Howard does not belong to the school of those dashing artists who make certain scratches and touches stand, like the arbitrary characters of a short-hand writer, for the things they profess to represent.

# EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

(Third notice.)

No. 365. *Juliet.* Miss L. Sharpe.—A lovely creature; but not the Juliet of Shakespeare.

No. 153. S. Prout.—Although this is "a deed without a name," it requires no explanatory title. It is the representation of one of those stupendous vessels, those mighty monsters of the main, which, having long "braved the battle and the breeze," are at last compelled to yield to all-conquering time. Mr. Prout has always shewn himself remarkably successful in subjects of this description; and in the present instance he has exhibited his usual richness of tone, and his usual skill in contrasting the huge hulk that

"Amidst the breakers lies astrand,"

with the pigmy beings around it.

No. 163. *A Pastoral Scene.* J. Cristall.—When Mr. Cristall employs his cultivated powers on subjects of the classic-pastoral, he manifests a talent and a taste which may justly be termed unrivalled; but when he applies the *beau ideal* to representations of the ordinary peasantry of this country, and gives to English, Scotch, or Welsh village-girls the character of Grecian nymphs, the result is, in our opinion, heterogeneous and unsatisfactory.

No. 37. *The Sempstress.* W. Hunt.—We prefer this example to some others by the same clever artist, because it unites taste with the magic of light which he throws over all his performances. No. 45, *A Recess in a Drawing-Room*, also by Mr. Hunt, is admirable in point of effect.

No. 50. *Cologne on the Rhine; arrival of boats with fruit.* S. Austin.—Interesting to the untravelling spectator, from the novelty of the lively scene represented; interesting to the amateur of the arts, from the light, transparent, and masterly style of the execution.

No. 334. *Peasants, with their Children, in the neighbourhood of Gensano.* P. Williams.—A charming group; highly picturesque both in character and in costume. The clearness, solidity, and beauty, of Mr. Williams's mode of finishing his drawings will not admit of description. They must be seen to be duly appreciated. No. 284. *A Roman Beggar-woman, with her Child, in the Costume of Subiaco.* P. Williams.—Equal to the last-mentioned

work in other respects, although the subject is less fascinating.

No. 279. *Fruit.* Miss Byrne.—A delicious and highly-finished gem. The representation is as great a feast to the eye as the reality would be to the palate; and it has the advantage of permanency.

No. 40. *View in the Isle of France.* J. Varley.—This extensive and singularly-featured country is treated by Mr. Varley in his own peculiarly bold and striking style; of which another fine example will be found in No. 140, *Harlech Castle, Composition*.

No. 162. *Twilight.* S. Jackson.—We have been so accustomed to associate with the hour of twilight all that is tranquil and soothing, that it seems a violence done to our recollections to find any representation of it fraught with images of destruction and woe. In the pallid and death-like gloom, however, which Mr. Jackson has thrown over his work, he has shewn a deep poetical feeling.

No. 252. *Wild Ducks surprised by a Fox.* J. F. Lewis.—In this highly spirited drawing, the expression of the wily and voracious animal, who, while he has succeeded in securing one of his birds, is looking with a grin of disappointed malice at that which has escaped, is admirably depicted.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Passes of the Alps.* By W. Brockedon. No. X.

THE route from Inspruck to Verona by the pass of the Brenner is the subject of Mr. Brockedon's tenth No. This is the lowest of all the roads across the great chain of the Alps, having an elevation of only 4,700 feet above the level of the sea. The route lies directly through the Tyrol,—a country, the history of which, especially its fearful and unequal contest, under the conduct of the celebrated Hofer, with the French and Bavarians in 1809, can never be recollected without strong feelings of interest. The following anecdote shews that the Tyrolese retain their ancient character of skilful marksmen:—

"When the author first visited the Tyrol in the year 1822, he witnessed a curious scene at Sterzing. While waiting at the inn, the sound of drum and fife, and a bustle in the street, announced a procession of the successful marksmen of the day. The Tyrolese practise every Sunday afternoon, and all hollydays, the use of the rifle; and there are few houses in the Tyrol which are not ornamented with targets, the trophies of success, which are suspended beneath the overhanging roofs, in front of the residences of the victors. The target of the day is the prize of the best shot; and that which was won at Sterzing was borne through the street on the back of a friend of the winner, preceded by a drum and fife, and followed by the successful marksman, who, dressed out with flowers and ribbands as fantastically as a May-day sweep in England, expressed his joy by dancing and piroquetting amidst his friends, who congratulated and cheered him. What degree of skill the constant use of the rifle has given to the Tyrolese may be inferred from the following fact. One of those who had been unsuccessful in the contest of that day was overtaken by the author's party near Sterzing, and offered a ride on his way home, which he accepted: he complained bitterly of his ill-luck, and attributed his failure to the weather, which had been hazy; but to shew that he had some claim to distinction as a marksman, he pointed out a young tree on the side of the road, at a considerable distance, levelled his rifle at it, and

drove a ball through the trunk, though he fired from the char in which he was riding."

The plates of this number of Mr. Brockedon's work are, as usual, very picturesque and beautiful. "The Valley of Stubay," "the Post-House on the Brenner," "the Chateau of Trostberg," "Trent," "Scene from Monte Porgine," and "Bassano," are all admirable; as are also the vignettes of "Scene near Primolano Val Sugana," and "Castle of Salurn, near Newmark.".

*The Union; Thistle, Rose, Shamrock.* Painted by W. C. Ross; engraved by D. Lucas. Brookes.

AN ingenious and pleasing mode of combining the portraits of three friends or sisters.

*Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire.* Drawn by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.; engraved by F. C. Lewis. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

In general, we are enthusiastic admirers of the taste and beauty of Sir Thomas's chalk drawings; but we cannot say that we consider this as a favourable specimen of his powers.

*Picturesque Views on the River Clyde.* Engraved by Joseph Swan, from Drawings by J. Fleming. Parts 6, 7, and 8.

"VIEW from Dalnotter Hill," "Dunglass Castle and Bowling Bay," "Dumbarton Castle and Town," "Port Glasgow," "Hellensburgh," "Rosenath House," "Greenock," "Gourock," and "Laven Castle," form the embellishments of these three Parts. With a few exceptions, we confess we do not think that, as the work proceeds, the execution of the plates improves.

## PICTURE SALES.

*Sale at Christie's.*—The sale of Lord Gwydir's collection, which we noticed a fortnight ago, from the sums obtained, seemed to prove that pictures are in some degree recovering from their late depression. We give a short abstract of prices and purchasers:—1st day. Lot 71. Landscape with Figures, Isaac Ostade, 206 guineas; bought by Mr. Woodin. Lot 73. Harbour, with Fleet of Ships, W. Van de Velde, 365 guineas; Mr. Yates. Lot 75. Perseus exhibiting the Head of Medusa, N. Poussin, only 100 guineas; Mr. Foster. 2d day.—Lot 71. Grooms watering Horses, Wouvermans, 305 guineas; Mr. Zachary. Lot 72. A Girl entering the Bath, Rembrandt, 165 guineas; Mr. Holwell Carr. Lot 73. Peasant with Cattle, Berghem, 225 guineas; Mr. T. Emmerson. Lot 74. Return from the Chase, Wouvermans, 680 guineas; Mr. Foster. Lot 75. The Corporal Acts of Mercy, D. Teniers, 360 guineas; Mr. Nieuwenhuys. Lot 76. Group of Cows and Farmyard, P. Potter, 1,205 guineas; Mr. Nieuwenhuys. Lot 81. Landscape, Claude, 2000 guineas; his Majesty. Lot 83. Landscape, Both, 460 guineas. Lot 86. Holy Family, Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1,900 guineas. Lot 87. Landscape, Gainsborough, 1,050 guineas; the two last purchased by the Directors of the British Institution, with the munificent intention of bestowing them on the National Gallery. The gross amount of the two days' sale exceeded 14,600*l*.

The charming picture by Paul Potter is, we rejoice to hear, still destined to ornament this country, through the liberality of Mr. Peel, who has re-purchased it of Mr. Nieuwenhuys.

*Mr. Udney's and Lord Ranelagh's Pictures.*—Our foreboding as to the little feeling for the Italian schools of art received a melancholy verification at the sale on Friday. The

well-known *Noli me tangere*, by Correggio, from the Orleans Gallery, was bought in at 135 guineas. The *Triumph of Love*—Cupid on the back of a couchant lion, with landscape—an exquisite specimen of Titian, who has in this picture caught the classic spirit, and even improved the charming subject of the celebrated Florentine gem.—285 guineas; bought in. Holy Family, Parmigiano, an Orleans picture, 150 guineas; bought in by Mr. Johnson. Holy Family, with saints in a romantic landscape, Pietro Perugino, a noble picture, 100 guineas; Mr. Woodin. Virgin nursing the Infant Lord, Caracci, 161 guineas; Mr. Peacock.—The Dutch and Flemish masters on the succeeding day had their triumph. The *Battle of Maxentius*, Rubens, after much competition, was awarded to Mr. G. Rogers at 165 guineas. The *Gazette*, D. Teniers, 250 guineas; Mr. Buchanan. *Grand Landscape*, Cuyt, 1,010 guineas; Mr. Peacock; and the *Farewell*, by John and Andrew Both, was knocked down at 355 guineas.

The collection of the late premier, the amiable Earl of Liverpool, with the exception of the portraits and pictures of the British school, which are reserved by the present lord, will be sold on Monday by Mr. Christie. We notice, among the rest, some fine specimens of Wouvermans, Berghem, W. Van de Velde, Van de Capella, Backhuysen, a splendid sea-piece by Jacob Ruysdael, no less extraordinary for this master in subject, than it is admirable in power and general excellence; and also, what will not be the least attractive, the noble landscape with figures of Mercury and the Woodman, by Salvator Rosa, which was purchased for the sum of 2,100 guineas by Lord Durham, at Sir Mark Sykes' sale, in 1824, is to be submitted to the ordeal of public valuation at the same time.

The large picture by Rembrandt of Haman before Esther and Ahasuerus, which was sold three weeks ago for 800 guineas, is said to have been purchased by its late owner, Mr. Mortimer, in 1796, at a sale of the effects of the celebrated M. de Calonne, when ambassador in this country, for 56*l*. Since the purchase, very few persons had been allowed by Mr. Mortimer to see it; but at his death, the agents of three sovereigns were supposed to be in treaty for it; and it was expected, notwithstanding the injury which it has sustained from time and ill-usage, to fetch at least 2000*l*. Considering its state, however, the price is allowed to have been liberal. The *Morning Scene*, by Cuyt, although the anatomy of the horses was much out of drawing, sold for 440 guineas, on account of the scarcity of this artist's pictures.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### THE SIBYL.

WOULD thy young inquiring eye  
Pierce the dark futurity—  
Read the awful book of Fate,  
Oft so sad and desolate?  
Mortal! ask not me to shew  
What of weal or what of woe;  
I, the Sibyl, there can see  
Write against thy destiny—  
By the past, th' unerring past,  
I thy future lot will cast.  
List to me, then, whilst I tell—  
Time will shew or ill or well,  
Whether smiles or whether tears  
Gild or shade thine after years;  
So thou wilt but answer me  
Simple questions, one, two, three.

When the houseless sought thy door—  
When the hungry begg'd thy store—  
When the lonely widow wept—  
When the orphan houseless slept—  
Did the homeless find a home?  
Didst thou bid the famished come?  
Didst thou calm the widow's grief?  
Give the fatherless relief?  
If thy conscience answer yes,  
Great shall be thy share of bliss;  
If thy conscience answer no,  
Deep the measure of thy woe!

When that one, who, side by side,  
In his days of joyous pride  
Walk'd with thee, his bosom-friend,  
Found, alas! his glories end—  
Didst thou look with pitying eye  
On his sad adversity?  
As his misery deeper grew,  
Grew thy friendship deeper too?  
If thy conscience answer yes,  
Great shall be thy share of bliss;  
If thy conscience answer no,  
Deep the measure of thy woe!

When the love that bound thine heart  
To that one, as ne'er to part—  
Though no crabbed law had prest  
Rule or fetter on thy breast,  
'Mid the sorrow and the strife,  
Ebb and flow of human life,  
Sorrow gain'd, and pleasure gone,  
Was it still true to that one?  
If thy conscience answer yes,  
Great shall be thy share of bliss;  
If thy conscience answer no,  
Deep the measure of thy woe!

THE wandering bird that left the Ark,  
(Tired of its fancied slighted lot),  
And skimmed the waste of waters dark,  
Nor found on earth one little spot,  
One hermit-bough, whereon to rest  
Its wearied foot and drooping wing,  
Flew back to its forsaken nest—  
A wiser, more contented thing:—  
So will thy love, by fancy wiled  
Far from the heart it bless'd before,  
When none have pleased, though all have  
smiled,  
Return, nor wish to wander more.

Look on the ore of the golden mine—  
Look long as thou wilt, it shall never be thine;  
For the wealth of this world is a treacherous  
snare,  
And the wealth of this world thou art doom'd  
not to share.

And look where Love weaves his web with such  
glee— [thee;  
Look long as thou wilt, he's not weaving for  
For who, with a soul above that of a fly,  
Would be caught in his meshes, to flutter and  
die?

Look on those who are dazzled by Fashion's  
false gem;  
Why look, and thank God thou art not one of  
them:

The bird for the air, and the fish for the sea,  
And fashion for foplings and fools—not for thee.  
But look to the peace of mind wealth never  
bought;  
And look to the friendship by love never sought;  
Look to humble content, by no fashion apprest;  
Look on these, and be wise—look on these,  
and be blest.

F. I. C.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### PICTURE OF CHINA.—NO. V.

It seems that there are abuses in China, as in England, on the score of prison discipline: perhaps their gaols are worse managed than ours have even been accused of being by philanthropic reformers. *Ex. gr.*

"*A Chinese Prison.*—Prisoners who have money to spend can be accommodated with private apartments, cards, servants, and every luxury. The prisoners' chains and fetters are removed from their bodies, and suspended against the wall, till the hour of going the rounds occurs. After that ceremony is over, the fetters are again placed where they hurt nobody. But those who have not money to bribe the keepers are in a woful condition. Not only is every alleviation of their sufferings removed, but actual infliction of punishment is added, to extort money to buy 'burnt offerings' (of paper) to the god of the jail, as the phrase is. For this purpose the prisoners are tied up, or rather hung up, and flogged. At night they are fettered down to a board—neck, wrists, and ankles, amidst ordure, and filth, whilst the rats, unmolested, are permitted to know their limbs! This place of torment is proverbially called in ordinary speech *Te-yuk*, a term equivalent to the worst sense of the word Hell."

The next extract possesses literary interest.

"*Dialects of China.*—In an empire so large, every province of which is equal to a little kingdom, it is natural to expect a variety of dialects. In this part of China we meet with three that are spoken extensively—the Mandarin, the Canton, and the Fokien dialects. The Mandarin is the language of the court, of government officers, and of the learned, throughout the empire. It is spoken by the people generally, in Peking, in Nanking, in Tszee-chuen, and other provinces. There are considerable varieties in it. The reigning family of Tartars have introduced a Tartar-Chinese pronunciation. They use *ch* soft for *k*, so as to make the name of the capital of China Peiching, and sometimes Peitsing, instead of Peking or Peking. And there is a sort of cockney slang spoken by all those who inhabit the metropolis, which is imitated by the fashionable throughout the empire. The Fokien dialect, or that spoken by the inhabitants of Fokien province, and by most of the settlers in Java, and in the straits of Malacca, is very peculiar. They not only pronounce the Chinese characters differently from the Mandarin tongue, but have a number of peculiar words and phrases. Mr. Medhurst, an English missionary in Java, who speaks Chinese admirably, has written a Dictionary of this dialect, which the late Sir Stamford Raffles intended to have printed at the Singapore Institution: but his death, and the consequent failure of the Institution, has put an end to that design. The Canton dialect, or that of the province in which we live, differs from the Mandarin chiefly in a different pronunciation of the same words or characters. There are also some local phrases and idioms; but the Canton dialect approaches nearer to the general language of the empire than the Fokien. We have debated with ourselves whether to use, in the Canton Register, the Mandarin pronunciation of words, or the Canton dialect, and feel greatly inclined to prefer the latter; because the people who come mostly in contact with Europeans speak only this dialect. And should Dr. Morrison succeed in reducing the Canton dialect to writing, which he is attempting in an alphabetic dictionary, to be printed in Roman letters at the



Honourable Company's press, the acquisition of it will become comparatively easy. For the names of places in China and Tartary, the spelling of D'Anville and Du Halde had probably better be retained. But in the province of Canton, the names of places in the common dialect of the neighbourhood seems best."

In March 1828, the governor of the two Kwong provinces issues a strong proclamation against the smoking of opium.

"The use of drink and food (says the governor) is to induce harmony in the system,—the gulping of luscious things must be with a desire to obtain strength: but if there exists a drug destructive of life (and which, instead of possessing any pleasant taste, is spit out by every one with disgust), incessant efforts should be made to keep it at a distance. How is it that men, though well aware of this, still offend, with the conviction of it upon their minds; desirous, as it were, to bury themselves alive? Now, as the drug opium, bought in foreign countries, and whose nature is originally poisonous, is both offensive in taste and flavour, and debilitating to the constitution,—I am at a loss to imagine who originally conceived the idea of adapting it to the purpose of smoking, and seduced others to inhale it. He who, grasping at gain, could open a shop to yield an inexhaustible supply of poison, must have been a most worthless vagabond." [This reminds us, strikingly, of King James's famous counter-blast against tobacco;—but his excellency proceeds:] "Formerly there existed a respect for fixed regulations. There is no want of severity in the enactment of the laws. But Canton being a place where people are collected from all quarters promiscuously, both good and bad, idle vagabonds will be found, who mutually invite each other to this practice of opium-smoking, and forming themselves into groups and crowds, they sit in rings all day. Having used the drug some time, the habit is termed sheong-yun (i. e. subject to the drawing), for at last they must have recourse to it every day, and can by no means whatever relinquish it, till finally the poison flows in their inmost vitals. Their faces become as sharp as sparrows, and their heads sunk between the shoulders in the form of a dove. Physic cannot cure their disease: repentance comes too late for reform. In addition to all this, opium being a contraband article, and sold clandestinely, its price is necessarily high, and the use of it is succeeded by an additional longing for luscious and savoury food. People in general are not possessed of large property, and thus, in a few years, both their purses and constitutions are ruined. Although they become stupid in an excessive degree, they cannot leave off the habit. Further, it is proper to examine into the consequences of smoking opium, which are, to raise the spirits to an unusual degree,—a most stupid expedient of worthless people to excite a desire of w—g and gambling. Their substance having dwindled away, and being possessed of neither food nor raiment, they resort to stealing, picking pockets, housebreaking, and joining gangs of robbers. There is no crime that they will not commit. Injuring both themselves and others, they become involved in endless calamities. I must inquire into the affair secretly, and severely seize the offenders. It is proper to send forth a strictly prohibitory edict. I therefore publish this proclamation, that all those under my jurisdiction, military, civil, and others, may be aware. After this let every one rouse himself to attention, feel remorse, and alter his ways. Leave off your former evil courses, and avoid the de-

struction of your health and lives. Those who have dissipated their property must have recourse to trade. Do not oppose my decree by setting up shops secretly to buy and sell opium. If you persist in your wickedness, without regard to my injunctions, you will be seized and apprehended. When I receive information, I shall, in a twofold degree, punish the offenders in conformity with the laws. In examining the affair, I shall not shew any lenient treatment. Feel awe, and pay attention. Do not oppose. A special edict."

#### MUSIC.

##### PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE sixth Philharmonic Concert, on Monday the 11th, under the able direction of Mr. Potter and Mr. Mori, commenced with Beethoven's symphony in B flat, numerically the fourth; and so highly were the wishes of the audience gratified by the masterly execution of this magnificent work, that for the whole of the evening there seemed to have been no room left for a murmur. An *encore* for an adagio like that of this symphony, is hardly a compliment, inasmuch as no praise can be adequate to such a composition. The subject alone is the most beautiful conception which, perhaps, ever entered any composer's mind—to say nothing of the extraordinary harmony produced by the most ingenious use of a variety of instruments. Signor Bordogni's "Fra tant' angoscie," by Caraffa, might please those well enough whose expectations were not pitched too high; but a greater treat was looked for from Mr. Cramer's pianoforte concerto, as might be perceived by the cordial reception he received on making his appearance. The grace and elegance of his style, especially in slow movements, have suffered no diminution with the increase of years, and are to this day quite unequalled. Madame Stockhausen's voice, neither of great power, compass, nor flexibility, possesses yet an extreme sweetness; and she never fails to use it in a manner, that, like Mr. Cramer's playing, she is sure to delight, though not to astonish. Thus she sang "Deh! per questo," from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito." A. Romberg has written two orchestral works, which, at least in Germany, have placed him in the first rank of composers for a band, viz. a symphony and an overture, both in D, and both admitted to the Philharmonic. The overture, very characteristic, by the introduction of a fugue, would have been encored but for the lateness of the evening. The same applies to Mozart's delightful symphony in C; at least the *andante*. Seldom is the Philharmonic audience so lavish with applause as they were this evening, after Mr. Phillips had finished "The people that walked," from the Messiah. He never sang better. Mr. Hauman, not a Belgian, as the name would indicate, but a Belgian, appeared here, for the first time, with two concerto fragments from Rode and Mayseider. His bow immediately shews him to be of the Parisian school; which, however famous for execution, precision, and a certain dexterity in the management of the instrument, is greatly inferior to the English and German school for tone. He was deservedly received with flattering encouragement. After a *terzetto* by Madame Stockhausen, Bordogni, and Phillips, Beethoven's last overture in C, beginning with a march, closed this delightful concert.

##### CONCERTS.

THESE entertainments are now so numerous, so incessant, that it is out of our power to par-

ticularise them all, or pay detailed attention to any. Yet they are generally pleasing, and some of them of rare attraction. To the latter class belonged that of De Begnis, on Wednesday, when the performances, vocal and instrumental, were of uncommon excellence, and combined most of the highest talent at present assembled in the British capital. There was of course a crowd. On Wednesday next, Made. Stockhausen's concert promises a treat of a similarly delightful kind. On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Hammond had an evening concert at the house of Mr. Penn, in Spring Gardens; which gave great pleasure to a numerous auditory. On Wednesday, also, M. Cipriani Potter's concert took place at the Argyll Rooms: Blasis, Sontag, Camporese, and Nicholson, shone in it, and M. Potter himself was much applauded.

A Prima Donna, from Vienna, with a hard Russian name (which we cannot remember), but very amiable manners, and a high reputation, makes her *début* at the Philharmonic on Monday.

#### DRAMA.

##### DRURY LANE.

A SUPERIOR and most successful play, called *the Partisans*, was produced here on Thursday: it is from the never-failing and prolific pen of Mr. Planché, and will raise his reputation far above that standard at which slight observers have sometimes been inclined to rate it. This has perhaps been the consequence of his often (for we do not speak of his clever revivals of old English comedies) bringing out little pieces and grafting them on foreign stocks; the critic overlooking the concomitant facts, that much ingenuity and talent have been displayed at the same time, and much judgment evinced in the superstructure of a drama from meagre materials, and much effective novelty introduced, and much neatness in dialogue, and a higher species of genius in composition added, to form an able and a justly popular whole. The present production is, however, of a more ambitious character, and will establish Mr. Planché in a rank to which accurate and more comprehensive observers have long felt that he was completely entitled. It possesses much poetry of an eminent order, which, we trust, we may demonstrate next week—our hurry at this, our latest hour, precluding the possibility now. All we have time to say is, that *the Partisans*, or *the War of Paris in 1649*, is a faithful picture of the violence, intrigues, and follies of that extraordinary period. The character of the first president, *Mathieu Molé*, is finely drawn, after the description of Cardinal de Retz, who in his *Memoirs* says, "Si ce n'étoit pas une espèce de blasphème de dire qu'il y a quelqu'un dans notre siècle plus intrépide que le Grand Gustave et Monsieur le Prince, je dirais que c'a été M. Molé, premier président." The attempt to assassinate him in the first scene of the play, and the bursting of the mob into his hotel in the third act, are strictly historical incidents. The *Marquis de Jarsay*, and the enterprising *Duchesse de Longueville*, are also historical personages, and depicted with great fidelity. Cooper as the *President*, Webster as *Perinet*, Jones as the *Marquis*, Miss Love as *Georgette*, J. Vining as *Henri*, and Miss E. Tree as the *Duchess*,—all excellent; but Liston in *Papelard* one of the finest pieces of acting ever seen, and quite a new epoch in his distinguished histrionic career. Here he is no *droll*, but an actor of the first class in comedy!

## COVENT GARDEN.

MISS SMITHSON, after repeating *Jane Shore*, has appeared in *Juliet*, and confirmed our opinion that she did wisely in selecting the former character for her *début*. It afforded more opportunities for the display of those attitudes which particularly distinguished her performance from that of her contemporaries: the language of Rowe was as melodramatic as could be desired; and though that of Shakespeare, however indifferently spoken, cannot fail to touch the heart, and thereby enlist the auditors in some measure on the side of the actor, there was infinitely more risk to run in that awkward test—comparison. In the early scenes of *Juliet*, Miss Smithson's height and figure, her decidedly womanly appearance, militated against our mental picture of the young girl of Verona, who, according to Shakespeare, wanted a fortnight of being fourteen (and who, even as now described by the nurse, is not eighteen); and there was nothing in the acting to create such an illusion. Her reception of the news of Romeo's unfortunate combat, and consequent banishment, was her best effort; and it was adequately rewarded by the audience. Despite, however, of the fine acting of Kemble, who perhaps never played *Romeo* better in his life than on Monday evening, the last act went off languidly.

**COVENT GARDEN MANAGEMENT.**—The glorious uncertainty of the law has been again made manifest by a judgment of the Lord Chancellor in the Covent Garden cause. His lordship, on Tuesday, decided just exactly the reverse of the preceding decisions, and thus gave to Messrs. Willett, Forbes, and Kemble, what had previously been given in favour of Mr. Harris.

**PRINTERS' PLAY.**—A play is announced at Covent Garden for next Wednesday, and in aid of that meritorious charity the Printers' Pension Society. The entertainments are as well calculated to amuse, as the occasion is to gratify the better feelings of an audience; and a crowd is expected in the combined cause of letters and benevolence. Something is whispered about Keeley's delivering an address in the character of a Printer's Devil; which we are sure he would perform to the life, as this (in his line) most original and inimitable actor was bred to the business before his vocation to the stage.

The other house has also a rich treat on the same evening, for Mr. Cooper's benefit. We have hardly ever seen a more attractive bill of fare: the *Jealous Wife*, strongly cast with three "first appearances," namely, Farren, Liston, and Miss Phillips, in new characters, would seem to be enough in itself; but to this is added Malibran's *début* on the English stage, and a duet between her and Braham! with other entertainments! Well managed, Mr. Stage-Manager.

**HAYMARKET.**—This theatre opens, we understand, on Monday the 15th of June. Farren, Cooper, F. Vining, Webster, Miss F. Kelly, Mrs. Glover, and Mrs. Humby, commence the campaign. Liston is engaged for six weeks; and several new pieces are in great forwardness.

**THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE** will be about a fortnight later (July 1). Among the new engagements, we hear of Sapio; and it is reported that an offer has been made to Miss Paton.

**GERMAN OPERA.**—A company of German vocalists has lately arrived at Paris, and has commenced representing, in the Théâtre Ita-

lien, Der Freyschütz, and the other principal operas of the German school.

## VARIETIES.

**Recovery from Drowning.**—At a late meeting of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris, a paper was read, "On the mode of recovering persons from drowning." The remarks on this paper were accompanied by a table, in which it was shewn that in consequence of the violence of the method now used of inflating the lungs, only two-thirds of the persons susceptible of recovery are brought to life; whereas formerly the number restored was in the proportion of nine-tenths.

**The Artists' General Benevolent Institution** holds its great day on Saturday next; Lord Goderich, president. The list of stewards (as the advertisement shews) is attractive, and we rejoice to learn that a distinguished meeting of rank and talent is anticipated.

**The Literary Fund.**—The subscriptions for this, the best of benevolent funds, amounted to about 600*l.* from anniversary to anniversary, though only 200*l.* were given at the dinner. The Greenwich *fête* is fixed for June 10th, at the Crown and Sceptre, where the friends of the charity are expected to muster in great force. The public may not, generally, be aware that this is a pleasant holiday meeting, subsidiary to the good cause of the fund, but without the ceremoniousness of a regular anniversary. Not only subscribers but any well-wishers to the Institution are welcome: the day is usually very pleasantly spent, and humanity and white bait are made to agree together.

**Manufactures in France.**—It appears from a French paper, that the broad cloth manufactures in France have fallen off considerably. In 1825 there were six hundred cloth manufacturers in Elbeuf and its environs—there are now only four hundred. At Louviers, within the last three years, two-thirds of the cloth manufacturers have disappeared; and at Sedan the number is reduced one-half.

**Test.**—At a late sitting of the Royal Academy of Metz, the following method of detecting the presence of cotton in woollen stuffs was communicated. An ounce of pure alkali is dissolved in half a pound of water, and in this the suspected stuff is boiled for two hours. If the stuff is of pure wool it dissolves entirely, and forms upon the surface a soap, which will pass through a fine sieve; but if, on the contrary, the stuff contains cotton, or any other vegetable fibre, it will not be entirely dissolved, but will shew itself when thrown into the sieve.

**Comets.**—M. Humboldt has made a communication to M. Arago of some remarks by M. Encke on the progress of a comet, from which he draws inferences confirmatory of the hypothesis respecting the resistance opposed to the motions of the heavenly bodies by the atmosphere.

**Quick Work!**—At the Paris Royal Academy of Medicine, a remarkable instance of sharp practice was mentioned at a meeting on the 16th inst. by M. Lisfranc. A patient who was suffering from tetanus, after having been bled from the arm very copiously eight times, had seven hundred and ninety-two leeches applied to the vertebral column and on the epigastric region (on the latter, however, only fifty of the entire number) within a period of only nineteen days, during which time he had no other food than very light broths. On the twenty-third day he was sufficiently well to leave his apartment.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Portraits of the most celebrated Beauties of all Nations is announced by Messrs. Longman and Co., under the superintendence of Mr. Alaric Watts. It is to consist of a series of portraits of the most beautiful and celebrated women of all nations, from an early period in the history of portrait-painting to the present time, with Biographical Notices; and comprise some of the finest specimens of Leonardo da Vinci, Raffaello, Holbein, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Titian, Sir Antonio More, Paul Veronese, Guido, Rubens, Velasquez, Vandyck, Mignard, Rembrandt, Murillo, Sir Peter Lely, Kneller, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, David, Opie, Harlowe, and several of the most distinguished painters of the present day. For the sake of variety of style and costume, a chronological arrangement will be avoided; so that it is not improbable that the first Number may contain portraits by Titian, Guido, Mignard, Vandyck, and Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The Three Chapters, to be published monthly, under the superintendence of Mr. Sharpe, is to commence on the first of July, with an engraving from the pencil of Mr. Wilkie.

Another portion of Mr. Booth's Analytical Dictionary is now in the press.

Mr. Banim's *Battle of the Boyne* is among the most recent translations of our abundant works of fiction into the French tongue. It is done by M. Defauconpret; and we observe that the critic in the *Revue Encyclopédique* repeats our remarks upon this clever production. *Appropos* of plagiarism unworthy of a liberal journal, the same Review, pp. 231, 2, 3, has literally translated the account of the Cherokee Phoenix (newspaper) from the *Literary Gazette*, not only without the slightest acknowledgment, but with the name of Mme. L.-Sw. Belloc appended to it, as to an original article! We expected greater candour from our contemporary, M. Jullien.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Mansford's Scripture Gazetteer, 8vo. 18s. bds.—Oliver's History and Antiquities of Beverley, 4to. 2*l.* 2s. bds.—Huss on the Council of Constance, a Poem, fcp. 4s. 6d. bds.—Parochial Letters from a Clergyman, &c. post 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Zilwood's Sermons for Prisoners, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Gray's Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Good on the Diseases of Women, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Rowbotham's Lessons in German Literature, 12mo. 8s. bds.—Aids to Development, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.—The Garland, 18mo. 3s. bds.—Dunage and Laver's Plans of the Royal Palace of Eltham, 4to. 1*l.* 1s. bds.—Cressy and Taylor's Architecture of the Middle Ages of Italy, imperial 4to. 2*l.* 3s. bds.—Müller's Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind, 2 vols. 16s. bds.—Donkin's Dissertation on the Niger, 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—Landor's Imaginary Conversations, second series, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8s. bds.—Lawrence's Stories from the History of Greece, 18mo. 3s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Jesuitism, 12mo. 1s. bds.—Gooch on the Dissolution of the Monarchy, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s. bds.—Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture, royal 8vo. 2*l.* 2s. bds.—Anne of Gelestein, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged to Shentee. Being compelled to go to press with part of our impression, on account of the extra sheet, on Thursday evening, and with the other part; as usual, on Friday, we have again to notice the impossibility of attending to communications late in the week.

As since we wrote our paragraph respecting the benefit for the Printers' Pension Society, the bills not only exhibit great accessions of musical attraction, but KEELEY we observe, announced his address in the character of a Devil. Considering how much he has suffered from the *Devil Imp*, and how dread his superstitious horrors are in the *Devil, Elvir*, we consider this assumption to be the best proof of moral courage which he could give the world, and think him a brave fellow for his pains. But a good heart will do a great deal in a good cause.

**ERRATUM.**—We find we were mistaken in understanding that Mrs. Charles Lushington was the first female who had performed the overland journey from India. She was the first lady from Bengal; but Lady Nightingale and another lady preceded her from Bombay in this adventurous travel.





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